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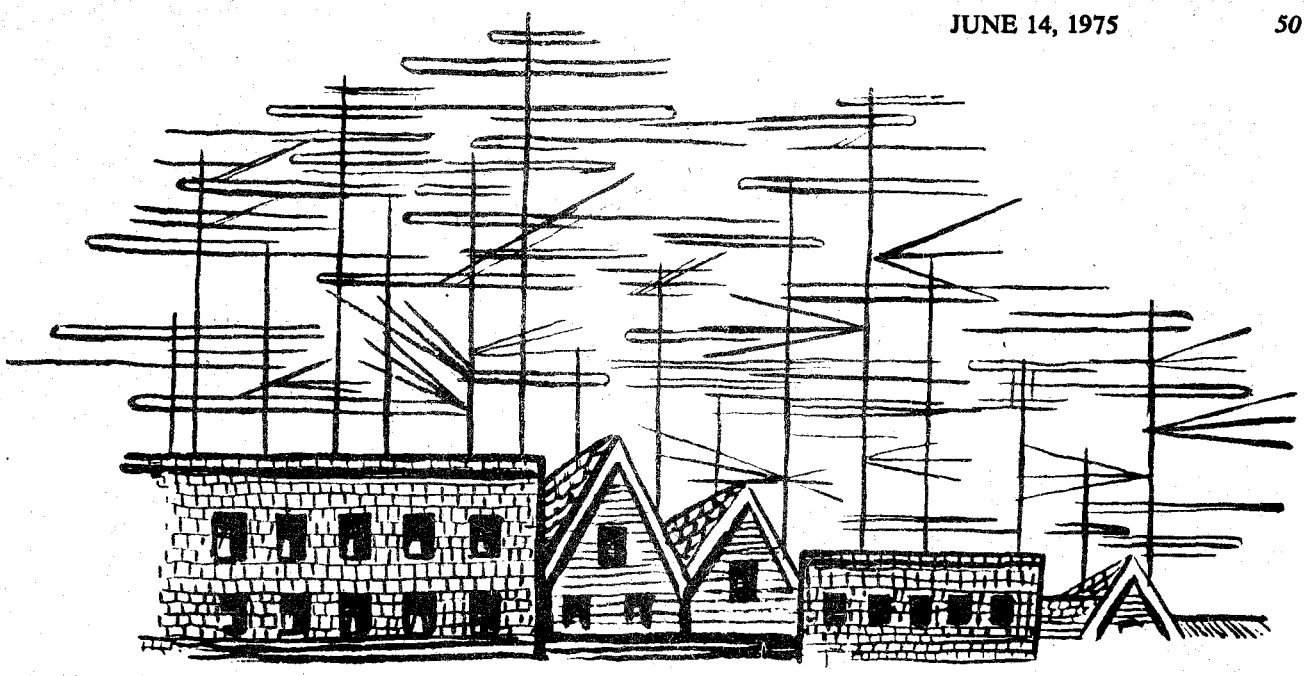

TELEVISION ANTITRUST PAUL LASKIN

Shadowboxing With the Networks

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Richard Hall

Reverse Invasion

THE CANADIANS ARE COMING!

Mary Alice Kellogg

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LETTERS

Del Vayo's journalists

Chester, Nova Scotia

Carey McWilliams, in his fine memorial for Julio Alvarez del Vayo [*The Nation*, May 24], failed to mention . . . *Give Me Combat*, his memoirs, written in 1973. In this excellent review of his half-century of struggle for democracy, del Vayo singled out four journalists whom he considered outstanding: Jorge Mitre of *La Nación* (Buenos Aires), Freda Kirchwey of *The Nation*, J.W. Gitt of the late *Gazette and Daily* (York, Pa.) and C.P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.

The Foreign Minister of Republican Spain concluded his chapter on "Memories of a Journalist" by writing, "I want to pay homage to a great American journalist, the late Edgar Snow, with whom I shared a friendship for and an interest in China; and to Izzy Stone, an excellent reporter, with whom I worked on *The Nation*; and to journalists of courage like Joseph Kraft, Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis, who in *The New York Times*, have written about the war in Vietnam with a frankness and independence that are a great service toward the formation of an American Conscience." . . .

Martin R. Haase

Fromm's credentials

Washington, D.C.

In his review of Russell Jacoby's *Social Amnesia* [*The Nation*, May 3], Stanley Aronowitz writes misleadingly that Erich Fromm "became one of the leading theorists of a psychology that held forth the promise of personal happiness without the necessary corollary of radical change."

If this implies that Fromm advocates adaptation to the modern industrial system, then neither Aronowitz nor Jacoby has read *Escape from Freedom* (1941), *The Sane Society* (1955), *The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness* (1973) and other books in which Fromm analyzes the psychopathology of normality. In *The Crisis of Psychoanalysis* (1970), Fromm explicitly criticizes the ego-oriented psychoanalysts for turning attention away from the id and removing the most important—and radical—element in Freud's system: the criticism of middle-class mores and the protest against them in the name of man and his development. . . .

It should be added that Fromm's work, particularly on social character (such as our joint study, *Social Character in a Mexican Village*, 1970), has been found useful by those in Cuba, Yugoslavia and Socialist Chile who have worked to create a new society. In this country and Mexico, it has served as a basis for social psychology useful to social scientists, workers and progressive managers developing new models of democracy in the work place. . . .

Michael Maccoby
Institute for Policy Studies

New York City

In his haste to defend Erich Fromm's work against the criticism that it represents, at least in the 1940s and 1950s, a version of conformist pyschology, Michael Maccoby has succeeded in misunderstanding the critique itself. Fromm's early work was in that critical tradition that sought to unite Freud and Marx in a new synthesis that was not only anti-capitalist in intention but was Socialist in substance. In fact, *The Crisis of Psychoanalysis* cited by Maccoby to prove Fromm's radical credentials, was a series of earlier essays never before translated into English. The title essay, written in 1969 for the volume, is a clear-cut rejection of conformist psychology and represents a kind of self-criticism by Fromm of his middle period.

Even though there are instances in Fromm's published writing that, out of context, would appear to show that he was aware of the incompatibility of capitalism and

(*Continued on page 724*)

EDITORIALS

The Kissinger Problem

The President's European excursion was designed in part to convince his foreign colleagues that he is more than a stand-in President, coached, briefed, and stage-managed by Henry Kissinger; in a word that he is in charge of the conduct of this country's foreign affairs. The whirlwind tour may have made the President somewhat more credible and authentic to the statesmen and notables he met, but he moved, dined and stumbled, so to speak, in the hefty shadow of his Secretary of State. Peter Lisagor reports that at a U.S. air base in Spain, Kissinger "worked the fence" like a candidate for the Presidency, to the ecstatic delight of the crowd. One reporter asked: "Henry, are you going to enter the New Hampshire primary?" Also, the President must do more than convince his European opposite numbers that he is his own man; he must convince the American public that he is "a strong, forceful" leader on the world scene. The frequent TV news shots during the tour may have helped somewhat, but neither in Europe nor in Peoria and environs did the President succeed in keeping Henry at a discreet distance. If he is to be a candidate in 1976, he must emerge as the undisputed leader he has shown little evidence of being. And this implies that Kissinger must be less frequently in the limelight; that in fact he must accept the role of Secretary of State, not the President's peer but his appointee.

That is where the rub comes. It would be simple to ask Kissinger to step down, but politically it would not be feasible; he is—still and despite recent multiple blows to his prestige—a top celebrity in a celebrity culture. If he were to be deprived of his "second hat" as the President's Special Assistant for National Security he might resign; at the least, his feelings would be hurt and few at the White House want to risk hurting Henry's feelings, whatever their own feelings about him may be. Should the President start consulting other experts on foreign policy, that would cause trouble—serious trouble if the consultations were frequent or widely publicized. Kissinger doesn't enjoy being second-guessed any more than he likes to share the spotlight. Then, too, there is a craggy practical problem: Henry is a master of palace intrigue and bureaucratic infighting; he can be tough and resourceful when his personal interests are threatened. In this respect he proved himself the master of such White House intriguers as Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Safire and is no doubt a match for Rumsfeld and others on the new team. Of course, given his mania for publicity and his passion for power, talk of instant resignation should his feathers be ruffled is probably exaggerated.

But the strange fear of crossing Henry—as irritational as the fear of flying—probably inhibits any test of feather ruffling. A little discretion on his part would solve the problem. The President is a self-confident man who does not have the feelings of inferiority that besieged Nixon. But it would be extremely difficult for Kissinger to curb his love of center stage long enough for the President to establish himself in the realm of foreign policy. "For now," writes Lisagor, "Ford would seem to have to settle

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for escaping the label of klutz with quiet dignity and good humor." Ultimately he may emerge from the shadow of his Secretary, "but not as long as Kissinger bestrides the world, bearing his fame with such aplomb and relish, bedazzling lesser men with his brilliant participations and machinations." The likelihood is therefore that the Kissinger problem will continue to vex the President and his advisers.

Blood-Bath Talk

Writing recently in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Richard Boyle, the last American reporter to leave Cambodia, offers an analysis of events there sharply at odds with that presented by most of the American media. "From what I saw," Boyle wrote, "the Khmer Rouge tried to avoid the slaughter of innocent civilians. . . . Stories of a blood bath, as reported by other news agencies, cannot be verified, and there is every indication that many of the accounts are outright lies." Khmer Rouge troops told Boyle that those Cambodians forced to leave Phnom Penh "would be allowed to return after they spent some time in the country growing rice to feed the people," that the compulsory emigration was necessary "to avoid starvation." Only the airlift of rice by Americans, he reported, had prevented starvation under Lon Nol's regime.

While it is always possible that a reporter's sources were inaccurate or that eyewitness reporting was misleading, the evidence is that in Cambodia the much-heralded blood bath that was supposed to follow the fall of Phnom Penh has not taken place. As for Vietnam, reports from Saigon indicate exemplary behavior, considering the situation. "There has been no evidence of a blood bath or mass reprisals as [was] so freely predicted abroad," George Esper of the A.P. writes from that city.

The most authoritative information thus far received leads to the conclusion that the American people were propagandized about the menace of unrestrained slaughter in Indochina. "The prediction," Frances FitzGerald writes in *The Washington Post*, "was never founded in reality." It was, however, founded in propaganda purposes and, as such, it was clever. No one could prove there would be no blood bath—it is always impossible to disprove a prediction. But the American Government could stimulate racist and ideological fears by saying that intelligence—which, again, could not be subjected to proof—justified those fears. Now that the prediction has been shown to be false, misconceptions carefully planted over years must be dislodged; more pieces like Boyle's and Esper's should be widely printed.

The revolutionaries in both countries seem to have acted responsibly, perhaps more so in Vietnam because their revolution is a mature one, its leaders seasoned by experience and historical perspective. With them, it should be possible to establish normal relations without much delay or difficulty. When Vietnam gains its rightful seat in the United Nations, reconstruction efforts—preferably by the U.N.—should begin. Reparations are due, and Washington should provide the largest share.

As signified by their letter in this issue, the members of the new government of South Vietnam want sound relations with the United States. They recognize that many

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Americans opposed successive administrations' destruction of their country. Their reported decision to make Saigon a free-trade city and to postpone unification for at least five years provides further evidence of their maturity and independent intentions. The leaders of the new Indochina seem ready to begin an era of accord with this country. The least Washington can do is to respond to these gestures, having ceased to rattle sabers and perpetuate old lies.

The Energy Muddle

Even Senator Mansfield concedes that there is some substance to President Ford's charge that the Democrats in Congress have shown a woeful lack of initiative on the energy issue. But at best the President is, as *The Wall Street Journal* notes, "a bashful bully," reluctant to push the Democrats too hard for fear that in time they might actually decide to fight back. Their tactic has been to wait him out, on the assumption that when he finally did act they could count on his making another mistake. That he has now done, with his imposition of a second $1-a-barrel fee on imported oil. In the short term, the President may have scored a few political points but his oil import fee will boomerang.

Since the demand is relatively inelastic, the import levy is not likely to result in a significant reduction in consumption. The levy will tack 1.5¢ a gallon onto the retail price of gasoline and home-heating oil; for New York residents that means a $10-a-year hike in electricity charges, $11.25 for the average motorist, and $22.50 for the average one-family home using heating oil (*The New York Times*, May 29). But when price controls on domestic "old oil" are phased out in June, the retail price will jump again and those friendly Arab and Persian suppliers—we are buying less from Canada and Venezuela—have promised an increase in oil prices in September. So by year's end there should be a very sharp increase in prices to domestic consumers.

But a much larger issue is involved: what reason is there to believe that stepped-up production of domestic oil will lessen our long-term dependence on oil imports? Some studies suggest that domestic production peaked in 1970 and will continue to decline; also estimates of reserves have of late been adjusted downward. The President would have us believe that he seeks to reduce our "vulnerability" by decreasing dependence on imports. But if we are vulnerable—and we are—then is it sound policy to encourage a forced draft on limited domestic supplies in peace time? The President's import levy will accent our vulnerability by further reducing domestic supplies. But the Democrats will probably be unable to muster sufficient unity to override his action.

The disunity of the Democrats is based, in about equal measure, on timidity and feeble leadership. If Wilbur Mills were in command—and sober—he could probably knock enough heads hard enough to secure concurrence in a bill. But his successor, Rep. Al Ullman, does not hold the necessary political IOUs and besides is a "nice guy," a type that does not always make a strong committee chairman. Nor is Speaker Carl Albert another Sam Rayburn. Serious divisions exist among the Democrats on Ullman's committee, and seventy-five freshmen Democrats, facing re-election, fear that any hike in prices will be resented by the public.

Congress also reflects the "gluttony-as-usual" mood which now hangs over the country. The depression has silenced any enthusiasm for strong conservation measures. With the world awash in oil—for reasons that have nothing to do with the basic problem—consumers are not concerned about what may happen the day after tomorrow. Gasoline consumption has jumped more than 4 per cent over the same period in 1974; in some communities —Houston for one—it has increased 8 per cent. And if the economy should take a turn for the better, it may be assumed that consumption will increase. Today the average per capita gasoline consumption in Canada, West Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland is only 36 per cent that in the United States. But since the Democrats are not likely to challenge the President on the issue, his mistaken policies will prevail—by default. Just now, as Representative Ullman notes, the underlying energy crisis is invisible "and that's why it is so hard to legislate." Invisible it may be at the moment, but it is real, it will not vanish, and it will now get worse.

Border Irritants

Mutually satisfactory Canadian-American relations should be a major goal of American policy at all times, but of late Mr. Kissinger has not had time to focus his attention on issues so close to home. Recently Ambassador William J. Porter and Canadian Foreign Minister Allen J. MacEachen swapped grievances, and the latter served notice that the "special relationship" which had long existed between the two neighbors was at an end. On both sides the grievances have to do with matters of substance. The Canadians are concerned, as always, with economic penetration by U.S. industrial and financial interests; Washington is annoyed by high export taxes on Canadian oil sold here and kindred matters.

At a different level, an increasing number of local issues are ruffling Canadian-American relations. Purchase of recreational sites by Canadians on this side of the border is one such irritant (see article, p. 722). The proposal to build a defense facility in Puget Sound that might make the region a prime target for missiles in case of war aroused significant opposition in Canada (see "Puget Sound: Missile Target" by Robert C. Aldridge, *The Nation*, February 1). Canadians have tried to live on the U.S. side of the border while working in Canada, but immigration regulations require a special visa which takes as long as two years to acquire. Canada, like Britain, accepts dual citizenship but this country does not, a circumstance that annoys many Canadians and Americans. Proposals to enlarge a dam located on this side of the border, thus flooding some 5,180 acres in British Columbia, were quickly opposed by Canadian residents of the affected area. Canadians are free to purchase property here but some provinces impose restrictions on foreigners making similar purchases in Canada.

Underlying these and similar incidents are several long-term factors. Canadians are concentrated in a long and comparatively narrow belt of territory immediately north

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of the border, and the growing density of population in this area is creating spillover effects of the type indicated. The net numerical balance of migration has been northward but a larger proportion of Canadians still emigrate to the United States than vice versa. However, the growing restrictions on immigration either way are making such comparisons meaningless. In the past, border irritants have received more attention in the Canadian press than here, in part because they were mostly initiated by American action but also because Canadians have always shown more concern than Americans about our mutual relations. Now, with Canadians becoming initiators of change, as by "invading" the state of Washington, it is to be expected that the American press will assign more importance to what is happening along the border. Border incidents and irritants are not the prime determinants of Canadian-American relations, but they can generate needless hostility and merit close and consistent scrutiny. "Anti-Canadianism" and "anti-Americanism" are two isms we do not need.

Three Weeks in Chile

A Chilean citizen named Julio Pérez has been living in the United States for the last twenty years. This past March he decided to take a trip to Chile. Apparently not persuaded by the bad press that the new Chilean Government had been getting, he thought of settling permanently in his own country, and wanted to look around and see about ways and means. But in three weeks he was back in the United States, and he wrote a letter about his experiences to *La Opinión*, a Spanish-language journal in Los Angeles. In his own words, he was "shocked by what I had seen and deeply pained by the tragic reality that my compatriots are living through."

His first surprise came as he was driving from the Santiago airport with relatives. A patrol armed with automatic weapons stopped the car and examined the papers of each of its passengers. Mr. Pérez's relatives told him that such checks were routine, and that a person who left his residential neighborhood in the city could expect to encounter one going and returning. In the next weeks he found that to be true. On the third day of his trip he paid a visit to a village near Santiago in which he had stayed many years ago, and he tried to take a photo of the house where he had lived. Another patrol carrying automatic weapons took him in charge and marched him to the police station—"arrested for carrying photographic equipment." He was released only after he had convinced the police that, as a newly arrived tourist, he was ignorant of the law forbidding picture taking in Chile.

Prices are a good deal higher than in the United States, while salaries and wages are much lower. The inflation rate is one of the highest in the world, and has not yet faltered. Press, radio and television transmit official government bulletins only—there is no opposition press, no criticism and no dissent. There are no political parties, nor any legislative body empowered to deal with the country's financial crisis. The workers, who bear the heaviest share of the hardship brought about by economic chaos, are not permitted to organize; however, large employers can and do. There are no elections for public office, so the citizens have no voice in the conduct of public affairs. The reigning junta has given no hint of how long it intends to retain total power. Mr. Pérez found limitless discontent with that state of affairs among the Chileans he met, including persons who had at first supported the junta. Only in private, he says, will Chileans give vent to their frustration and dismay, and the situation is ripe for a political explosion.

These are the impressions of a tourist, a businessman on a short holiday trip. A more official note is sounded by the presidents of Brandeis, Harvard and M.I.T. in a cable to the Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States, signed also by twenty-two members of the National Academy of Science (including six Nobel Prize winners), and many other distinguished scientists. The cable protests the continued imprisonment of Enrique Kirberg, president of the State Technical University of Chile. Dr. Kirberg was jailed twenty months ago when his university was taken over by the military. He has been held without trial during that time, having been accused successively of a number of political crimes. All those charges were dropped in the course of his imprisonment; he is now being held on a new charge of "personal income-tax evasion." The cable urges the Human Rights Commission "to impress upon the Chilean Government the importance of their . . . [respecting] the human rights of all individual citizens." Perhaps copies of this document should go as well to our Secretary of State and the other officers of government, past and present, who helped foment the junta's bloody rebellion.

Resistance in the Mines

Though the price of gold jumped 50 per cent last year, the owners of South Africa's gold mines are beginning to fear they will soon see an end to the lush profits made by keeping for themselves the bulk of the wages they should have been paying the black people who work for them. The owners have been using imported black labor since 1946, when some 70,000 black South Africans struck the mines. Continued repression has kept the immigrant workers from organizing. Consequently, after they received a raise last May, they were earning only a minimum $48 a month. At the same time, organized whites were being paid a minimum $566.

The black mine workers have been kept poor both by a government indifferent to their welfare and by a white labor movement whose members have earned prosperity for themselves by aggressive support of apartheid; the whites in the mines demand, and get, compensation for any concession to black upward mobility.

Rebelling against years of oppression, black workers have begun "a whole series of stoppages" for higher wages, according to a report by Neal Ascherson of *The Observer* (London). In some cases, the workers have rioted for their just demands.

A consciousness of resistance to exploitation seems to be spreading. An attempt by the Lesotho government to confiscate part of the wages its citizens earned in the mines, according to Ascherson, "touched off an explosion." The President of Malawi, Hastings Banda, has banned recruiting of his country's people by the South

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African mine owners. Mozambique, which along with Malawi once provided half the mines' imported labor, will soon be independent of Portuguese rule (see Jonathan Steele's article, p. 719). "The owners are deeply anxious about the future," says Ascherson. They should be.

BAD Is No Good

As the depression continues, juvenile crime may well increase, exacerbating what was a major social problem even before recent hard times began to be felt. Crime by young people carries its own special kind of fear—the fear of unreachable, anomic kids. Demands for quick-fix repressive methods are already increasing, and constitutional issues may become blurred as politicians try to respond to genuinely frantic pleas for protection.

In Pasadena, Calif., such pleas from the predominantly black northwest section apparently encouraged police there to create a special force to keep ghetto youth in line. The police called the project the Burglary Abatement Detail, BAD for short. The acronym proved to be bad public relations, but it was probably a valid index of the bully image someone in the city's police department wanted to project as a deterrent to juvenile crime. In February, during the first week BAD hit the ghetto streets, more than 200 people—most of them young black men—were stopped, questioned and inventoried for police records. Fifty-five were photographed; a few, who reportedly gave unsatisfactory answers, were arrested. Those stopped had been guilty of a hardly illegal offense—walking their neighborhood streets during school hours.

Pasadena police try to justify this special invasion of youngsters' constitutional rights against unreasonable search and seizure with the claim that 13 is the median age for crime against property. The initial sweep had some support among terrified residents of the community who see daylight burglaries as an epidemic problem. Even the local NAACP appears to have been divided on the BAD patrols. But the local ACLU chapter, taking note of a transgression of constitutional rights in its city, joined with critical NAACP and other community leaders and citizens against BAD. Confronted with resistance in the streets and in the courts, the police, in April, quietly called off the program.

But in the minds of frustrated police chiefs and politicians nationwide, BAD-like ghetto dragnets may turn out to be an idea whose time has come. When citizens demand action in response to juvenile lawlessness, police-oriented administrators may see the patrols as useful tools for pacifying public concern in a way consistent with genuinely held beliefs that police can control crime with authoritarian tactics.

Juvenile crime seems to be such a hot issue that Congress may soon enact a $25-million program in response to the problem, though President Ford has said he does not want to spend the money. Pending legislation would put the countermeasures under the control of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. LEAA's general approach to crime has been more hardware and more consultant study designed to justify its law'n'order orientation—and little or no search for the roots of the social disaffection and motivation that lead to juvenile offenses on their current massive scale. This summer, teenage unemployment will approach crisis proportions. More cops, fancier equipment and reams of studies will be of little immediate help in coping with it.

Short-sighted responses such as the BAD program will not make the streets of Pasadena's northwest any safer this summer, next fall, next winter or next year. Residents there who recognize that have won an important victory by stopping BAD. Similar programs elsewhere may engender short-term, illusory feelings of security, but they'll also trample over rights, increase racial and class tension, distract attention from underlying problems and weaken the force of our always-battered Bill of Rights.

CRUISE MISSILES

MORE PENTAGON MISCHIEF

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Subsonic cruise missiles have quietly reappeared on the Pentagon's schedule of options. Propelled by a small turbofan engine and avoiding obstacles with a radio altimeter, this weapon will be able to fly much closer to the ground than is advisable for a manned aircraft. On the radar screen it will look like a sea gull but when it is flying at treetop height it will be undetectable by present defense capabilities. Its new inertial guidance system with terrain comparison (TERCOM) updating will place a warhead ten times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb precisely on a hardened target 2,000 miles away. First flights are planned for the summer of 1976, with possible deployment in 1979. Some Defense Department officials view this weapon as having a ten-year lead over Soviet technology, and hope it will give the Russians major air defense problems for years to come.

Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre, chairman of the research and development subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee, supported cruise missiles last year, but now questions the wisdom of developing such a weapon. Long-range cruise missiles, he claims, provide an unneeded fourth leg for the strategic triad and would inject a provocative issue into the current strategic arms limitation talks (SALT II).

Cruise missiles are not new. Some American submarines were equipped with Regulus many years ago. But Regulus

Robert Aldridge is a former aerospace engineer with sixteen years' experience on five generations of sea-based missile systems. Now a critic of the arms race, his articles have appeared in many publications.

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was risky: the submarine had to surface while a crew rushed on deck to fire the missile. Eventually this slow, cumbersome, air-breathing weapon was abandoned in favor of hypersonic ballistic missiles, but recent technological advances in miniaturization of engine, warhead and electronics have revived military interest in cruise missiles.

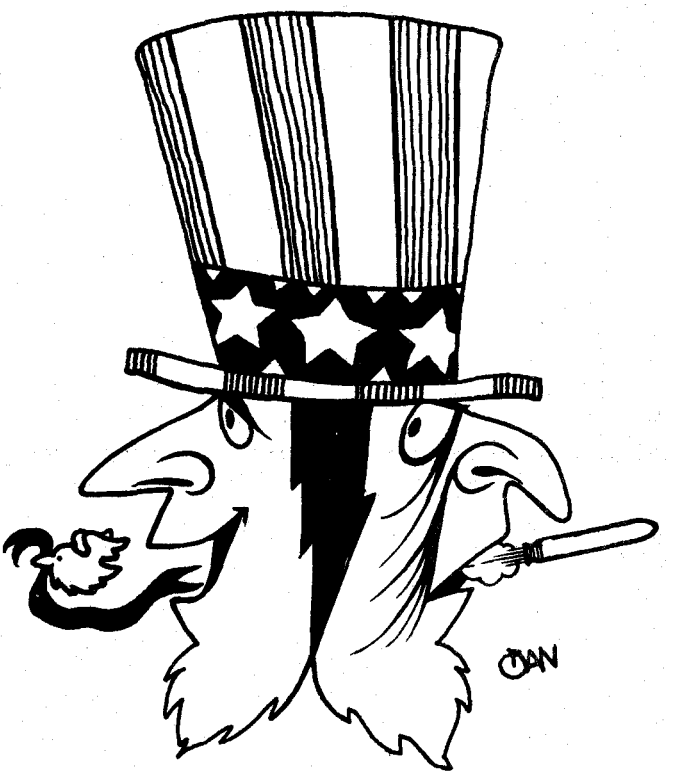
The Soviet navy still displays some older SS-N-3 cruise missiles on diesel submarines. Those massive 36-foot-long weapons are launched vertically from underwater and have a range of about 450 nautical miles. For years the DOD ignored Russian cruise missiles—neither the SS-N-3s nor their antiquated carriers were included in the SALT I limitations. But now, in tones that recall the nonexistent bomber gap of the 1950s and the pseudo-missile gap of the 1960s, the Pentagon is crying that the Soviets are not only ahead of us with cruise missiles but considerably so.

The Air Force version, the air-launched cruise missile or ALCM, is an outgrowth of their SCAD (subsonic cruise armed decoy) program which was canceled in late 1973. SCAD was being designed to help the B-52 bomber penetrate hostile territory. Because it was to have had the same radar cross section as the bomber, discrimination between the two would have been difficult, but subsonic decoy technology became useless with the advent of the supersonic bomber. Air Force planners apparently foresaw SCAD's obsolescence because they did not spend the allotted funds during the three years before termination. The consequent lack of accomplishment brought legislative pressure to redirect the program and that opened the door for the cruise missile. This, of course, played right into the Air Force's hands by giving it a weapon, ostensibly mandated by Congress, with which to bolster the sinking credibility of manned bombers. It also put them in competitive running with the Navy, which had started on cruise missiles a year earlier.

The ALCM will be mounted interchangeably with existing SRAMs (short range attack missiles) on both the interior rotary racks and on the wing pylons of the B-1 and B-52 bombers. It has a 25-inch noncircular cross section, is 14 feet long and weighs 1,800 pounds. A wing-mounted design has an additional 400-pound fuel pod. Although this belly tank allows the ALCM to achieve its maximum range of 1,200 nautical miles it also improves radar detection and makes the missile more vulnerable.

After the ALCM is launched at 45,000 feet the wings and tail unfold and the fanjet engine starts up. The missile then loses altitude incrementally so that as it approaches the opponent's defenses it is only a few hundred feet above the ground. It travels at Mach-.55 most of the way. When it is about 50 miles from the target it drops to 50 feet off the ground and speeds up to Mach-.7 for the final dash before impact.

The entire ALCM program is predicted to run between $1 billion and $1.5 billion. That projection, though, is based on the obsolete SCAD estimate to retrofit a modified B-52 fleet. As the prime weapons system for the B-1 it is certain to exceed that conservative estimate. Assuming that all 244 bombers were to be loaded with an average of twenty ALCMs each (with an expected unit price of $800,000) the cost plus 10 per cent for spares would come to $4.3 billion. Updating the B-52s (the 1979 operational date for cruise missiles allows equipping the B-52 G and H fleets before the B-1 is deployed) would add another $3 billion.



Noonan

The Air Force becomes defensive when asked if the cruise missile on a less expensive carrier might be substituted for the B-1. They adamantly insist that the B-1 is the logical launching platform. They point out that, besides its pre-launch survivability (twelve B-1s supposedly can escape from a given base in the time it takes one B-52 to take off), the B-1 has hardness, navigation accuracy, electronic countermeasures, defense suppression by SRAMs, and the ability to reach a flexible number of launch points at supersonic speed. All of this, combined with having a man in the system to make decisions, claims the Air Force, significantly enhances the survivability of cruise missiles. In complementary fashion ALCMs will, in the words of one Air Force general, enable the B-1 to have a "wider swath of influence."

The foregoing justifications are based on the premise that it will be necessary to penetrate enemy territory. With ALCM range limited because it is constrained to fit the SRAM racks some penetration is necessary to reach the deeper and more strongly defended targets. But if cruise missiles were carried on a less sophisticated aircraft which could accommodate a weapon of longer range it would not be necessary to cross any hostile borders. As an example, 100 of the longer range Navy missiles could be carried on a modified 747 jet liner. As these facts become better understood, the pressure will rise to cancel the B-1 in favor of a cheaper platform. But Air Force leaders are well aware that without a large bomber force they could not justify their huge manpower allotment and quota of officer billets, and their lobbying effort will be intense. To them, the B-1 means bureaucratic survival.

The Navy's submarine-launched cruise missile (SLCM) will be fired underwater from the standard

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torpedo tube of any nuclear-powered submarine. That means our present attack submarines (SSNs) will take on a strategic role in addition to covert anti-submarine warfare operations and protecting U.S. ships. We now have sixty-four SSNs; by 1981 there will be eighty-eight. Combined with the upcoming Trident and existing Polaris-Poseidon boats, our strategic subsurface force suddenly enhanced a hundredfold. In addition, the ballistic missile submarines will also be able to launch SLCMs. And retargeting is instantaneous: any one of a selection of missions stored in the submarine's computer system can be fed into the SLCM just before launch.

Navy cruise-missile technology already exists. Launch platforms are available in the form of the highly survivable submarines. Guidance has been developed and TERCOM was successfully flight-tested last year on an A-7 aircraft over New England and North Carolina. TERCOM records the reflectivity of the ground and constructs a digital contour map of the terrain below, which is then compared to the programmed route to update the guidance program. The relatively slow flight permits numerous fixes, and these improve accuracy.

Terrain avoidance is also well on its way to becoming operational, as is the small turbofan engine. And a booster motor, unique to the SLCM, comes from technology developed for a rocket-assisted Mk-46 torpedo called SUBROC.

The SLCM is 21 inches in diameter, 20.5 feet long and weighs 2,000 pounds after booster separation. Traveling at Mach-.7 at sea level, it can go 1,400 nautical miles, but by flying the so-called hi-lo profile that distance can be stretched to 2,000. After the missile leaves the torpedo tube, its rocket booster lights up and a swivel nozzle tips it upward to broach the surface at a prescribed angle. Wrap-around tail fins then unfold and the rocket continues to boost the missile skyward. When the booster burns out and separates, the fanjet sustainer engine takes over, the wings swing out and the SLCM continues to climb to 20,000 feet. It will stay at that altitude until hostile territory is approached. Then it will drop down and skim the ground until it reaches the target. If the flight distance does not require the hi-lo profile, the rocket will terminate thrust shortly after broach and the missile will stay low where it is invulnerable.

There is also a tactical version of the SLCM that weighs about 1,000 pounds more because it carries a heavier high-explosive warhead. It also uses a cheaper but less efficient engine. Therefore, its range is considerably less. Nonetheless, it will still fly much farther than the Harpoon missile which is now coming off the production lines and it is on that point that Navy spokesmen have difficulty with their sales pitch. It is too soon to claim a need for a missile of longer range than the 60 nautical mile Harpoon because that would make Harpoon obsolete before it is fully deployed, and cast some discredit on Navy vision. Still, it is difficult to justify a tactical SLCM without the need for longer reach. So they walk the fence, telling legislators that, although there is no operational requirement for a higher performance weapon at this time, the spin-off advantages from the strategic development cannot be ignored. That fallout technology is expected to cost taxpayers $19 million next year.

Navy officials proffer the strategic cruise missile as a stabilizing factor in international relations because it can be launched at any time after a nuclear attack. Even if the enemy could destroy every land-based and sea-based ballistic missile and every bomber, the Navy claims, they will still know that all the SSNs at sea have nuclear weapons with which to retaliate. But the Pentagon admits that cruise missiles also fit into Defense Secretary Schlesinger's counterforce targeting doctrine. According to Adm. Jeffrey Metzel, director of the Undersea and Strategic Warfare Division, it is possible that cruise missiles could provide a selective strike but he does "not think the Navy has any *firm* plans to use it in that way *at this time*" (emphasis added). And with the available terminal homing devices such as that used on the Maverick air-to-surface missile the margin of error could be cut much closer than the 600 feet advertised. Cruise missiles could have virtually 100 per cent kill probability against any target.

While Congressional leaders are pushing to put both cruise missile programs under a single project manager, Defense Department strategists are looking at other roles for those weapons. There is dissent within the military over restricting the ALCM length to fit the B-1's rotary racks. A missile of longer ranger could be launched from a variety of aircraft such as the KC-135 tankers, C-5A transports, S-3A and P-3C anti-submarine planes and modified wide-bodied jets, as well as from the wing pylons of fighter planes. Additional Army and Navy applications would include surface-to-surface battlefield support and surface launch from ships on the line, particularly the new strike cruiser now being designed.

Probably, the most significant aspect of the cruise missile from the military viewpoint is that it will confuse disarmament efforts while allowing the Pentagon to move ahead in weapons superiority. This motive was confirmed by several witnesses before Congress. Col. Lucius Bryant, program manager for the ALCM, said: "One of the factors that leads one to believe it would be most difficult [to obtain a verifiable treaty limiting cruise missiles] is the fact that one cannot tell from an external viewing of a missile such as this what its real purpose in life is." Secretary of the Air Force John McLucas also remarked: "The relatively low cost, low technical risks, and utility of the ALCMs will also provide an important consideration in strategic arms discussions." Colonel Bryant then hit directly at the heart of the issue: "Verification is one of the criteria for any agreement, and we feel that in that area it is likely to be somewhat of a hurdle that cannot be cleared."

When the Navy was asked if it would be possible to verify a strategic arms limitation on the SLCMs their answer was: "The strategic missile and the tactical missile are identical in external appearance. In addition, the launchers for each missile are the same: the submarine torpedo tubes are not modified in any way and there is nothing associated with the launch platform that would indicate the type of cruise missile carried. . . ."

Dispute over cruise missiles is bedeviling current SALT II negotiations in Geneva. The controversy was highlighted in March when the United States submitted a draft proposal for a treaty. Washington's contention is that only ballistic missiles launched from aircraft are to be counted against the Vladivostok limit of 2,400; that reference was

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to ballistic missiles during the original talk between President Ford and Soviet leader Brezhnev. The Soviets, on the other hand, stick fast to their position that all bomber-launched missiles with a range greater than 600 kilometers (324 nautical miles) are included in the ceiling. There is further controversy as to whether the bomber-carrying multiple missiles should be counted against the 1,320 MIRVed vehicle limit.

No word on the effect of Navy SLCMs has yet leaked through the top secret veil of that Geneva parley, but if cruise missiles are not counted the Vladivostok agreement is completely meaningless. And even if the U.S. negotiators agree to the Soviet position—which they won't because it would upset Pentagon plans—the question of verification may be an even more formidable obstacle. It is also worth noting that the Ford-Brezhnev summit meeting which was scheduled for June and had been hailed as the target date for signing a new strategic arms treaty has been postponed. The success of SALT II does not look promising.

Aside from the treaty aspect, this "fourth leg" will put us on an even more dangerous round of the arms race. We can expect the Soviets to respond in the pattern they have followed for more than three decades. Russia set off an atomic chain reaction four years after the United States and it was four years behind in detonating the nuclear bomb. The Soviet ICBM build-up of the 1960s trailed ours by five years. The first Russian Y-class ballistic missile submarine was launched five years after Polaris became operational. The United States first tested MIRVs in 1968 and the Soviet Union did so in 1973. They were also five years behind in deploying MIRVs. Those dates almost prove that if we start testing cruise missiles there will be a definite Soviet reaction by the end of the decade. Ironically, it is as a "hedge" against that predictable reaction that the Pentagon justifies cruise missiles. This senseless situation results in a continued proliferation of weapons which is making nuclear war more casual—maybe inevitable. It behooves the American people to reflect more seriously upon cruise missiles before next year's Pentagon budget is approved. □

THE DOMINICAN CAPER

VIETNAM WAS NOT UNIQUE

ABRAHAM F. LOWENTHAL

Princeton, N.J.

Now that the era of Vietnam has finally drawn to its close, Americans of many persuasions are resolved to learn from this tragic period. For that purpose, it may be useful to reflect briefly on another cold-war episode, one which occurred ten years ago last month: the Dominican intervention of 1965.

On April 28, 1965, 500 U.S. Marines landed at Santo Domingo in the midst of a bloody clash among Dominican civilian and military factions. Within a few days, a rapid build-up put nearly 23,000 American soldiers ashore, almost half the number then fighting in Vietnam. Another 10,000 troops stood ready just off the Dominican coast, and thousands more were on alert at bases in the United States. When President Lyndon Johnson announced that the Marines were landing in Santo Domingo, he emphasized that these troops were being sent to protect American citizens there, but it soon became clear that the real motive for U.S. intervention was Washington's concern lest the Dominican Republic be taken over by a "rebel" group which our officials perceived as Communist-dominated (or potentially so).

Quite apart from the moral and legal questions about America's use of unilateral force to prevent what it saw as a possible "second Cuba" in the Caribbean, it must be said that the fears which motivated the invasion were, at best, highly exaggerated. A list of supposed Communist activists made available to American journalists by the U.S. Embassy in Santo Domingo included persons who were dead, ill, jailed, abroad, or otherwise unavailable for revolutionary pursuits. Reports (some of them apparently taken seriously in Washington) that the "rebels" were engaging in atrocities proved baseless—or at least were never documented, despite considerable efforts to do so. United States intelligence reports about alleged foreign Communist involvement on the rebel side proved equally unsubstantiated—except for Radio Havana's rhetorical support, and Havana's efforts were clearly outdone by America's own propaganda activities. Indeed, our country's exploits in this field went so far as to include clandestine transmissions by the CIA, purporting to be coming from the rebel radio station and laced with extremist appeals intended to discredit the rebel movement.

Thinking back to the events of 1965, it may be instructive to underline the sobering parallels between the Dominican invasion ten years ago and the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia three years later. In each case, one of the two superpowers, discarding its own pledges and confounding expert appraisals of its supposedly well-established foreign policy, deployed massive forces within the territory of a nearby client-state. In each case, the invaded country was a fellow member of the regional organization, theoretically composed of sovereign equals but in fact dominated by the major power. In each case, the great power claimed that its forces had been invited by legitimate national authorities within the invaded country. In both cases, however, it turned out that the formal "invitations" had been prompted, and that the "authorities" in question had rather dubious claims to legitimacy.

Abraham Lowenthal, assistant director of studies at the Council on Foreign Relations and a member of Princeton's Center of International Studies, has written The Dominican Intervention *(Harvard University Press) and other works.*

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In neither case was the great power defending its security in an immediate and obvious sense; rather, both were acting on the basis of extraordinary sensitivity to political change in a border area. Both great powers accompanied their actions by vague pronouncements that seemed to portend new "doctrines." Later, each seemed to back away from its most expansive statements, but without clearly retracting them. In both cases, the other, uninvolved superpower confined protest to words and appeared tacitly to endorse the idea that its rival was acting understandably in its own sphere of influence.

In each case, the great power first committed itself militarily and only later arranged for members of the regional organization to add their troops to the occupation force. This participation by allies after the fact was meant to legitimize the intervention, but it did so only at the cost of discrediting the regional organization, and also of exacerbating strains within the alliance itself as well as within individual member states.

In each case, the great power followed up its massive military action by limiting its use of force and trying to find a political solution to the crisis. First, each power fortified a favored "loyalist" group, then it seemed to move (unexpectedly) toward reinstating precisely the reformist faction it distrusted and had at first opposed. But in each case the apparent attempt to compromise with the distrusted group gave way, after a confusing series of twists and turns, to measures that consolidated the control of the power's preferred agents.

In both cases, too, the military occupation led to a reimposition of less overt forms of hegemonic control, including revised economic and political relations. As time passed and the invasions faded into memory, opinions differed about the ultimate consequences of these two military interventions. The great powers seemed to have achieved their stated objectives, but only at very high costs—within the great power, within the regional alliance and especially within the invaded country. Finally, in all probability we have not yet heard the last word on the outcome of either intervention, as recent statements by Juan Bosch and Alexander Dubcek should remind us.

These disturbing parallels make evident one central point. The United States *has* sometimes acted, in Santo Domingo and elsewhere, just like those distant powers we accuse of aggressive designs. We have sent our troops abroad at will, however remote the alleged threat to "national security" our actions were supposedly meant to deter. We have acted as if our might gave us license to determine the political arrangements of others. We have invaded allies as well as adversaries; we have both invoked "commitments" and forgotten them, in accord with our own immediate convenience. In all these respects, the United States has acted much less like a moral leader than like a traditional imperial power. Is it too much to hope that in the next bicentennial period, America's actions will more nearly adhere to the ideals for international conduct our forefathers set forth 200 years ago? □

TELEVISION ANTITRUST

Shadowboxing With the Networks

PAUL LASKIN

In December 1974, the Department of Justice for the second time filed suit in the federal district court, Los Angeles, against NBC, CBS and ABC, charging them with violating the antitrust laws in the operation of their television networks. The gist of the suit is that the three companies have abused their power to decide who shall have access to network air time in order to concentrate in themselves "ownership and control of television entertainment programs broadcast during prime evening hours." The government alleges that the three networks have forced outside producers to give them a financial interest in evening programs; that they have refused to show programs in which they have no financial interest, or to sell air time to advertisers and outside suppliers for the screening of independent programs; and that they are trying to control the prices of movies made for television, either by going into the business of movie production (in the case of CBS and ABC) or by contracting with a single large supplier (in the case of NBC). The overall effect, according to the government, has been to restrain competition in the production, distribution and sale of entertainment programs, and to deprive the public of the benefits of free and open competition.

The first suit against NBC, CBS and ABC, filed in April 1972, was couched in substantially the same terms as the current one. Antitrust suits can be Dickensian in their protraction, and the next two and a half years were spent on skirmishes over the networks' preliminary legal defenses and in "discovery" (a pretrial mechanism that enables each side to examine the other side's documentary evidence). Then in November 1974, the court dismissed the suit, "without prejudice," which meant that the government could begin again if it wished. And that is what it has done.

Why the dismissal? It was the court's way of untying a difficult knot. The networks argued that the original suit was invalid because improperly motivated. It was not brought to enforce the antitrust laws, they said, but to punish them for criticizing the Nixon administration and to intimidate them into something approaching

Paul Laskin, a lawyer living in New York, is completing a study of national television broadcasting policy under the aegis of the Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University program for the survey of broadcast journalism, and with financial assistance from the Ford and Markle Foundations.

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silence. As the networks saw it, the White House was consciously trying to curb their free speech, in violation of the First Amendment. They also argued that the government was applying the antitrust laws in a discriminatory manner, in violation of the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment, and that it had breached its constitutional duty to execute the laws "faithfully."

In their supporting briefs, the networks stressed the Nixon administration's hatred and fear of them. They cited a number of speeches and public comments by former Vice President Agnew and other administration officials. The networks also pointed out that the Nixon administration was quite willing (as the Watergate affair has proved) to use the regular processes of government to harass those whom it perceived as "enemies." And White House officials were well aware that the antitrust laws might be an effective tool to use against the networks. In October 1969, Magruder wrote Haldeman: "The real problem that faces this Administration is to get to this unfair coverage in such a way that we make major impact on a basis which the networks-newspapers and Congress will react to and begin to look at things somewhat differently." Then Magruder suggested: "Utilize the antitrust division to investigate various media relating to antitrust violations. Even the possible threat of antitrust action I think would be effective in changing their views in the above matter."

The networks also made much of the staleness of the complaints (a separate one for each network) and of the haste with which they were filed once the Department of Justice decided to act. Their lawyers said that the complaints dealt with matters that were known well before Nixon took office. This staleness, alleged the networks, indicated that the complaints were dredged up simply to harass them. As for the haste, the networks said that only a week before the event were they formally told that the complaints would be filed. Lawyers for the networks were summoned to the Department of Justice on very short notice ("a few hours," according to one lawyer) and informed that suit would be filed unless the networks agreed in principle within seven days to the government's demands for relief. All this was unseemly, said the networks, suspiciously so.

To this mixture of things, the networks added a recital of various threats made from time to time by White House officials. In February 1971, Ronald Ziegler told Dan Rather, the White House correspondent for CBS News, that the networks were "anti-Nixon" and that "they are going to have to pay for that, sooner or later, one way or another." On one or two occasions in 1970 or 1971, Ehrlichman apparently told Rather that "the networks will get theirs, of that you can be sure." And seven months after the antitrust suit was filed, Charles Colson, then Special Counsel to President Nixon, said to Frank Stanton, then vice chairman of CBS: "We'll bring you to your knees on Wall Street and on Madison Avenue."

In September 1971, Atty. Gen. John Mitchell approved the complaints against the networks on the recommendation of Asst. Atty. Gen. Richard McLaren, then head of the Antitrust Division. After signing them, however, Mitchell ordered that the filing of the suit be delayed so that Herbert Klein, White House director of communications, might have a chance to inform the networks of what was about to happen—and, in particular, to say to them that the suit was not politically motivated. (As things turned out, Klein never spoke of motivation to the networks—apparently because Ehrlichman instructed him not to.) When Mitchell resigned to become director of President Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign, the suit still had not been filed, and the complaints had to be freshly approved by his successor—Richard Kleindienst. When Kleindienst signed the complaints, he was still Acting Attorney General. He relied upon the recommendation of Acting Asst. Atty. Gen. Walker Comegys, then in charge of the Antitrust Division. The suit was thereupon formally instituted.

After Watergate, one's instinct is to side with the networks on the defense of improper motive, but they had constructed no more than a web of inferences. They had offered no hard evidence that either Mitchell or Kleindienst had approved the suit in order to retaliate against or to intimidate the networks—either at the express direction of the White House or out of a shared hatred of the networks. It was clear that the networks had to go beyond the inferential evidence if they were to carry their point. Therefore, they asked the court to let them take the depositions of Mitchell and Kleindienst and of most of the White House officials involved in the Watergate affair. (Nixon was still President, and his name was not on the list.) The networks also asked for access to whatever government records might be pertinent.

The government's immediate response was to deny that there had been any improper motive behind the filing of the suit. (This response later received support from the Special Prosecutor's office, which reported that its investigation of the Nixon White House had uncovered no evidence of improper motive.) The government also argued that the question of motive was irrelevant. It had charged the networks with violation of the antitrust laws, and the only question was the validity of that charge. But the court was not persuaded by this last argument. It felt, quite rightly, that motive was relevant and that the networks should have an opportunity to prove their point, if it could be proven.

On July 17, 1974 the court entered an order authorizing the networks to take the depositions of Mitchell and Kleindienst and to examine the government's records bearing on motive. The order covered the Nixon tapes as well as more conventional materials. Less than a month later, President Nixon resigned, and the networks immediately began to worry about the continuing availability of his papers and tapes. On August 16, a week after the resignation, a court hearing was held to find out where matters stood. The government's lawyer assured the court that the government understood quite well its duty to retain custody and control of whatever records were subject to the court's July 17th order. Everything seemed satisfac-

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tory—and then came the agreement on the Nixon papers and tapes between President Ford and his predecessor. The White House now said that, while it still had physical possession of the Nixon materials, it no longer had control over access to them.

There was another hearing; and then in mid-November the court decided to dismiss the suit "without prejudice." That was clearly the court's way of getting rid of a thorny issue that had nothing to do with the kinds of economic issue that lie at the heart of a major antitrust suit. A fresh suit, freshly approved by another attorney general, would presumably be free of any Nixon taint, and the case could then be decided on its own merits.

I say "presumably" because the networks are not letting go. They contended that the failure of the government, despite its promises, to comply with the court's July 17th order called for a dismissal "with prejudice." They also said that the issue of improper motive could not be so easily sanitized—that a fresh suit would be "the fruit of a poisonous tree." The networks appealed the "without prejudice" feature of the dismissal directly to the Supreme Court and when the government refiled its antitrust suit Justice Douglas granted the networks' request for a stay. Then on April 28 the Supreme Court dismissed the appeal "for want of jurisdiction."

The antitrust suit will now resume its course. If the past is prologue to the future, it will be a slow and tortuous one. And at some point, the court will hear from the networks about "the fruit of the poisonous tree." Meanwhile, it is worth asking what the government hopes to accomplish by its antitrust suit—and whether it is enough.

First one must look briefly at the institutional structure of television. At its core are CBS, NBC and ABC, which together spend more than $1 billion a year for programs. The networks perform two vital roles. The first is to provide the stations they own (each owns five) and the stations affiliated with them (CBS and NBC each has about 200 affiliates, ABC somewhat fewer) with a steady stream of programs of high technical quality, often with star performers. No individual station can afford to do that for itself. The cement between the networks and their affiliates is money. The networks pay their affiliated stations approximately 30 per cent of their revenues from sales to advertisers. In addition, each affiliate receives an allocation of advertising time that it can sell directly to local advertisers (and the affiliate pockets the proceeds). The fifteen network-owned stations are, by and large, in the most populous markets, and through them each network can reach about 25 per cent of the nation's viewers. In the case of these stations, the networks simply transfer money from one pocket to the other.

The network-station relationship is in turn the basis for the networks' second role: they can provide advertisers with a national audience for their commercial messages. That is the real business of a network, programs being the means to that end.

In the late 1950s, about a third of network programs had as sponsors a single advertiser or two advertisers acting cooperatively. A network sold a sponsor air time for an entire program, not just the time for his commercial message. But that changed in the 1960s. As program costs spiraled, advertisers were no longer willing to bet all their advertising dollars on a single program. They now preferred to spread their risk by allocating their advertising budgets among a number of programs. And so a program today may have as many as five or six sponsors; some, as many as a dozen. All the advertiser buys is a spot—usually thirty seconds—for his commercial.

By 1960, control over most of the nation's television programming had come to the networks. The individual stations had handed over their program responsibilities to the networks for money, and advertisers had backed away from program control because they did not want the financial responsibility that went with it. Program control, of course, means control over content. In general, the networks have always produced their own news and public-affairs programs; in the field of entertainment, they have not, but their control is equally pervasive. They select the programs, usually on the basis of a script and pilot film, watch over them while they are being made, and review them before they are aired.

The networks welcomed this shift for a variety of reasons. One was the quiz show scandal of 1959. The prominent quiz shows had been provided by outside producers working with advertisers and their agencies; the networks said they had had little or no control over these programs. The obvious remedy seemed to be a greater assumption of responsibility by the networks. Another reason was the problem of "audience flow." The networks found that a television audience is inert. If a program is popular and attracts a large audience, much of that audience will stay with the channel into the next program. Thus, an evening's schedule is not a series of programs; it is a discrete unit, and the networks wanted the power to deal with it as such.

But the most compelling reason was money. Popular programs were extremely profitable, earning money from reruns in the United States and from sales to foreign television organizations. When a network selected a program series and watched over its development and preparation, it was in a position to demand a share in the program's ownership. And so it was not surprising that network participation in ownership became the prevailing pattern. The networks said that it was only fair because they bore an element of the risk of failure. To some, however, the pattern seemed an abuse of economic power. In either event, network profits went up and up.

The Communications Act of 1934 places upon the Federal Communications Commission the duty of regulating television broadcasting in "the public interest." During the early 1960s, the commission watched the growth of network control with considerable anxiety. In 1965, after more than five years of study, it concluded that the networks had "achieved virtual domination of television program markets" and that "it is not desirable for so few entities to have such a degree of power with respect to what the American public may see and hear over so many television stations." It was also disturbed because "this intense concentration of power decreases the competitive opportunity for independent program producers."

After another five years, the FCC promulgated a set of rules designed, so it said, to make it economically more attractive for existing producers to increase their program offerings and for new producers to come into the field. The

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expressed hope was that the new rules would promote greater diversity in television programming—by which the commission meant more programs for minority tastes and interests, more children's programs and more local programs.

The 1970 rules had two objectives. One was to make it possible for independent producers to earn more money. Because a network usually took a heavy share of the profits from a program accepted for national exhibition, the production company rarely recovered its costs from a first network run. It took subsequent runs within the United States and sales abroad to do that and to bring the company a profit. The FCC felt that the economic risk for an independent producer was too large—that it was deterring many who might otherwise come into the program production market. It said, therefore, that henceforth a network could not, except when it was the sole producer, engage in syndication (the sale and distribution of programs to non-network stations); could not distribute programs abroad nor share in the profits from foreign sales; and could not acquire any financial interest whatsoever (other than the right of network exhibition) in a program produced in whole or in part by an outside company.

The second objective was to make evening air time on the networks more accessible to independent producers. This was to be achieved by what has come to be called the prime-time access rule. Before 1970, when the rule was adopted, the common practice of the networks had been to furnish three and a half hours of programming to their affiliates in the four-hour period from 7 to 11 P.M. The FCC said that in the top fifty television markets, the networks could henceforth furnish only three hours of programming in this period. The rule would insure that an hour of evening time would be available for independent producers.

Five years later, it is clear that the 1970 rules have failed to diminish the networks' control over what is broadcast during the evening hours. The 1970 rules did not stimulate the entry of new producers into the field of television production. And paradoxically, the networks have become stronger and richer. There are several reasons for the continued growth of network power. While it is true that the prime-time access rule deprived the networks of the right to program one hour of evening time, it seems to have made their affiliated stations more dependent on them than ever for the remaining three hours. Moreover, since the rule made network programs somewhat scarcer, the fees for advertising on the remaining programs went up. And finally, the networks, this time acting through the stations they themselves owned and operated, naturally had the largest hand in determining the fate of independent syndicators who sought to produce programs for the new access hour.

While the FCC may and does take economic considerations into account in regulating the television industry, the primary responsibility for enforcing the antitrust laws rests with the Department of Justice. Like the FCC, the department's Antitrust Division has long been casting an anxious eye on the three networks, but throughout the 1960s it made no direct move against them. In 1969, when the new commission rules were being considered, the division commented approvingly on them; it thought they would have a beneficial effect on economic competition in the field. It was not until three years later that the Department of Justice took action itself by filing an antitrust suit.

When the government's first suit was announced, it was spoken of in the press as a fundamental attack on network control over television broadcasting. This view may have reflected the networks' immediate reaction: that the government was out to "get" them. Or it may have been the result of too hasty a reading of the formal complaints filed by the government. In any event, the suit was something less than an attempt to bring the networks to their knees. And so, too, is the second suit.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the current suit is what it does not do. The fundamental institutional structure of network TV broadcasting is to remain intact. The suit accepts and does not challenge the relationship that has grown up over the years between the networks and their affiliates, although that relationship lies at the heart of the networks' control of TV broadcasting. It also accepts and does not challenge network ownership of five TV stations. The government seems to feel that the networks should continue to be not only the conduit for programs aimed at a national audience but also the final arbiter of what is shown nationally.

The Justice Department, saying that it wants to bring the benefits of free and open competition to the public, asks for three specific remedies. One, that each network be prohibited from obtaining any interest in television entertainment programs produced by others (including movies), except for the right of first-run exhibition. Two, that each network be barred from the syndication business. And three, that each network be forbidden to transmit whatever entertainment programs (including movies) it produces itself or that are produced by the other commercial networks.

What does the government hope to achieve with these remedies? First, that the networks will choose among the programs offered for network exhibition in an open manner, that is, free from the bias of financial self-interest. Second, that the networks will not use their control over access to their air time to overreach, that is, to enrich themselves unfairly and to preclude competition in areas that are normally competitive (like movie production). These are certainly desirable objectives—and traditional ones under the antitrust laws. But in the context of the pervasive network control that exists today, it must be said that they are limited goals.

Two of the specific remedies proposed by the government—that the networks be prohibited from acquiring any financial interest in programs produced by others and from engaging in the business of syndication—are already contained in the rules issued by the FCC in 1970. The only new remedy that the government is asking for is an order prohibiting the networks from showing any entertainment programs they produce themselves. The networks point out that they produce very few of the entertainment programs they exhibit, probably less than 10 per cent. And while it is true that CBS and ABC have moved into the production of feature films for television, they say that they did so for quite legitimate motives—to assure fair prices and a sufficient and steady supply.

The networks also object to the new remedy on constitu-

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tional grounds. They say that it is tantamount to prohibiting them from producing any entertainment programs on their own, and that for this reason it will violate their right of free speech. The networks are not arguing that because they are engaged in the business of communicating, they are not subject to the antitrust laws. But they say that if they have violated the antitrust laws, the remedies must take into consideration and must respect their freedom to communicate. And they add that entertainment programs are as much entitled to the protection of the First Amendment as are news and public-affairs programs (which are untouched by the government's suit).

But the real question is: whose First Amendment are we talking about? In the *Red Lion Broadcasting Company* case, the Supreme Court considered the Fairness Doctrine, which requires broadcasters to "afford reasonable opportunity for the discussion of conflicting views on issues of public importance." The Court ruled that it "is the right of the viewers and listeners, not the right of the broadcasters, which is paramount. . . ." With the new remedy proposed by the government in the antitrust suit, one may argue that the networks' right to transmit their own entertainment programs must give way to the public's right to reap the benefits of free and open competition in TV entertainment. The Fairness Doctrine is not a perfect analogy, of course. The doctrine does not say that a broadcaster may not present his own views on a controversial issue; it says only that when he presents one side, he must present other sides. In the antitrust suit, the government is asking for silence: that the networks be flatly prohibited from presenting their own entertainment programs. The prohibition adds weight to the networks' claim that the First Amendment will be violated. Still, the application of the First Amendment is not as simple as the networks would have it appear, and it is hard to predict where the Supreme Court (if it is called upon to decide the issue) will find the balance lies as between the networks' claim of protection and the government's assertion that the public is entitled to all the benefits of competition.

But if we put the constitutional question aside and assume that the Court grants the government the specific remedies it is requesting, what is likely to happen? Probably very little. There will be greater purity in the economic relationships between the networks and outside program producers, but network control will be as strong as ever. The 1970 rules of the FCC made little difference, and the situation is not apt to be changed by the new remedy that would bar the networks from transmitting network-produced entertainment programs. The sad conclusion is that, even if the government gets all the remedies it is specifically asking for, the power to decide what the American public sees and hears on the air will remain with the networks.

The FCC is disappointed by the effects of its 1970 rules. It is not yet ready to abandon the prime-time access rule, but it is pruning it—basically, by reducing the access period from one hour to thirty minutes (which is what it was originally as a matter of practice). But the failure of the 1970 rules to diminish network control does not necessarily mean that the concept of access is wrong. It may also be taken to prove that if a sound concept is applied in a half-hearted way, nothing will happen.

What the FCC should now do (and should have done in the first place) is prescribe a longer access period—say, half of the evening hours. If the commission were to do that, it would open up a large enough block of time on every television station to provide a strong incentive for the development of new companies to serve these stations on a national basis. Such companies might be entirely new, or new outgrowths of established companies. They might be constructed along network lines (in which case we might have six networks instead of three) or on different economic principles. We need not foresee the precise line of development. My point is only that if we wish to encourage the entry of new suppliers into the field of TV programming and reduce the dependence of the individual stations on the existing networks, there must be a sufficiently long access period.

As a corollary of a rule of expanded access, the commission would also have to limit network ownership of television stations. As matters stand, the networks, acting as program purchasers for their owned stations, can decide the fate of any new production company and thus subvert the rule. Each network should be forbidden to own more than one station and should be required (over a reasonable period of time) to divest itself of ownership of the remaining four.

In the current antitrust suit, the government makes the allegation that "the networks . . . generally will not offer to sell air time to advertisers except for their commercial messages which are broadcast in conjunction with television entertainment programs already selected and placed in schedules by the networks." The allegation suggests a remedy that is even more drastic than a rule of expanded access: that the networks be confined to the role of selling air time to others for entertainment programs. There is no doubt that the remedy would end network control over entertainment programming once and for all. But there are two objections to so sweeping a remedy—one practical, the other conceptual. The practical objection is that there would probably not be enough buyers of air time for individual programs. There will always be the need for an economic institution—a network, if you will—that brings together stations, program producers and advertisers. The conceptual difficulty is that if the networks are confined to the sale of air time for programs procured by others, they would in effect become common carriers. And this would run counter to the intent of the Communications Act. In defining a common carrier, the Act states that "a person engaged in radio broadcasting [and by extension, television broadcasting] shall not, insofar as such person is so engaged, be deemed a common carrier."

In proposing a rule of expanded access, I have no illusion that the FCC will prescribe one. It is too timid, too dilatory and too muddy in its thinking. But the government can and should seek the same result in its antitrust suit. As we have seen, all the government is now asking from the court are remedies designed to insure that the networks do not enrich themselves unfairly and have no conflict of economic interest when they make up their entertainment schedules. None of these remedies will diminish the concentration of control over television programming that is now lodged in the three networks. And yet only if that is broken, can we have the economic and social benefits, whatever they might be, of free and open competition. □

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MOZAMBIQUE

THE PERPLEXITIES OF FREEDOM

JONATHAN STEELE

London

Against all predictions, the 300-mile railway that curls up from Mozambique's Indian Ocean port of Beira to the capital of Ian Smith's white Rhodesian fortress has never been safer in the last five years than it is today. In the old days of Portuguese colonial rule armed guards traveled on the train to watch out for guerrilla ambushes. In defiance of United Nations sanctions the line carried most of the settler regime's supplies and was a frequent target for mines.

Now those guerrillas are part of the government in Mozambique. In the limbo that will continue until full independence on June 25, the Portuguese armed guards have gone and the mines have been lifted. And yet a substantial percentage of Rhodesia's supplies go up the line.

It is a weird paradox that typifies the strange halfway house of divided control under which Mozambique has been living in the transitional period, but on June 25 Mr. Smith's party will be over. From that date the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (Frelimo) will be in full control. Its President-to-be, Samora Machel, has pledged that his country will impose full sanctions and close the loopholes of Beira and Lourenço Marques, through which passes 80 per cent of Rhodesia's trade.

For Frelimo the decision, though clear in principle, was not easy in practice. It was finally taken only when the British Commonwealth nations at their recent conference in Jamaica agreed on a compensation fund for Mozambique. Nothing could better illustrate the acute dilemma which Africa's newest and most militant state has to face. Apart from Algeria, no other country has achieved independence after so sustained a colonial war. No other liberation movement in recent years has had so disciplined a leadership and so firm an ideology as Frelimo.

By coming late to independence, Frelimo has learned much from the decade of coups and counter-coups that have ravaged most of black Africa and killed many of the early hopes for a brave new world. It is well aware of the dangers of letting political independence be subverted by neo-colonialist pressure.

But the fact is that this liberation movement is now coming to power in a country which is more vulnerable to neo-colonialism than are most others in Africa. It is not just the Rhodesian connection. Frelimo hopes, with some justification, that the Smith regime is on its last legs. Far worse than that are Mozambique's extensive and complex links with South Africa.

Mozambique lends South Africa 80,000 of its citizens every year to work in the fearful underground conditions of the gold mines. There is not yet enough work in Mozambique itself, and the former Portuguese colony is South Africa's biggest supplier of mine labor. The port of Lourenço Marques is the closest outlet to the sea for Johannesburg and Pretoria. It earns Mozambique annually a hefty chunk of foreign exchange. Finally, the vast new Cabora Bassa dam on the Zambezi is just now starting operations. Built by a multinational consortium headed by South Africa's Anglo American Corporation, the dam is mainly geared to providing the apartheid republic with cheap power. All the transmission lines go west to Rhodesia or south toward South Africa to plug into the South African grid.

Connections of course go both ways, and there is considerable worry in South Africa over the prospect of having Frelimo as a militant new neighbor. For the first time in its history South Africa will share a border with a radical African state that is not landlocked and that has a significant guerrilla army. The long land frontier between Mozambique and South Africa, with its thick bush and plentiful cover, is much better terrain for dissidents than the open scrub land that links Botswana with the apartheid republic. At the least it will shorten the "freedom road" used by South Africa's underground nationalist movements to send couriers to the urban centers.

Yet whether viewed as challenge or embarrassment, Mozambique's proximity to South Africa is not Frelimo's first concern. Mozambique may look on the map like a spear thrust deep into South Africa's left shoulder, not far from the heart. Frelimo's leaders are deliberately playing things less romantically.

Inside Mozambique their program and propaganda are focused almost entirely on national reconstruction after the ten years of liberation war against the Portuguese. Under the arrangements for independence agreed upon at Lusaka with Lisbon's Armed Forces Movement, Frelimo nominated the Prime Minister and five other ministers in a nine-member cabinet. It took office in September and will serve until June 25 under the overall supervision of a Portuguese High Commissioner, who is also commander in chief of the Portuguese troops still left in the country.

For a section of Mozambique's 170,000 whites (outnumbered by around fifty to one in a population of 9 million) the shock of sudden independence was too much. Soon after the Lusaka agreement, the "For Sale" signs began to appear in windows of the neat whitewashed villas of Lourenço Marques' upper town. In the driveways and the front yards huge wooden crates stood ready for transport to Lisbon or South Africa.

The feeling of panic grew worse after two racial incidents in Lourenço Marques last autumn, both of which were provoked by die-hard whites. In the first, which occurred on the eve of the Lusaka agreement, a group calling itself the "Movement for a Free Mozambique" took over the radio station, and sent carloads of vigilantes into the shantytowns around the capital, firing at random on Africans. Frelimo's troops had not yet reached the capital

Jonathan Steele has been a correspondent for The Guardian *(London) since 1965. He is joint author, with Ruth First, of* The South African Connection: Western Investment in Apartheid *(Barnes & Noble).*

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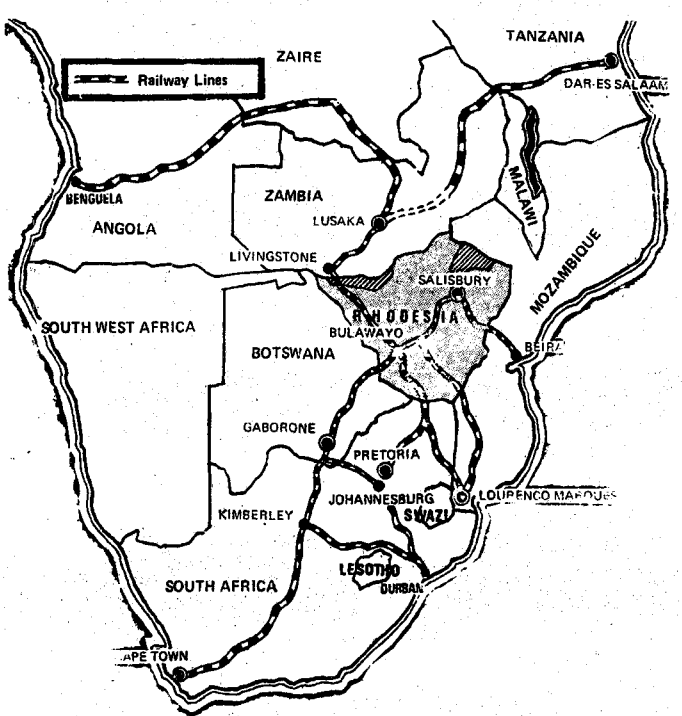
in strength, and it took the Portuguese two or three days to restore order. A month later, there was a second outburst when a small unit of Portuguese paratroops, the most reactionary section of the old colonial army, let loose some small-arms fire from their camp in Lourenço Marques where they were waiting for a ship to take them back to Portugal.

This time the Africans reacted faster, and gangs from the shantytowns, fearful of being cheated of independence, lynched a score or more of whites. Frelimo's militants tried to restrain them and in the end the number of dead in both incidents was less than 300, mainly blacks in the first affray and whites in the second.

The violence left a temporary scar, but in the eight months since then there has been no recurrence. In the long run it showed two things: First, that South Africa was not going to intervene openly to prop up a dying colonialism, as the white rebels had hoped; second, that Frelimo was both able and determined to make good Machel's pledge that there would be no reverse black racialism in a free Mozambique. He has repeatedly appealed to whites to stay, and to the Frelimo majority in the transitional government he has added one white and one Indian. Underlying race relations now seem good, and it is much safer to walk around at night in Lourenço Marques than in Johannesburg.

The message seems to have got across. Probably not more than 40,000 whites have left the country, or less than a quarter of the white population. By the standards of other colonial waves of emigration from Africa, that is not excessive. There is even a steady trickle back. Portugal is also going through massive changes and has little room and few job vacancies for ex-colonials in search of an elitist haven.

For Frelimo the main problem now is to reorient the economy onto rural lines. Like nearby Tanzania, where



Rand Daily Mail

Machel and his colleagues had their bases during the ten-year guerrilla war, Frelimo wants to put the stress on agriculture. The country has a surplus of unused arable land but faces a severe danger of famine in its northern areas, where war devastation and the old Portuguese counter-guerrilla policy of moving Africans into strategic hamlets have left hundreds of acres untilled. To relieve the shortage, Frelimo had to take the embarrassing step of buying South African wheat. But it now expects to get some supplies from Romania, and will buy more on the world market.

In the southern part of the country, where Frelimo never had more than a toehold during the war, it is busy setting up local committees, and embryo party cells in the villages and shantytowns. Many young white Mozambicans, including army veterans, are now helping in the so-called *"grupos dinamizadores,"* an almost untranslatable phrase meaning roughly "local activists." They are organizing a mass literacy program as well as explaining Frelimo's policy and goals.

Mozambique has become a country of wall slogans. You see them right at the frontier with South Africa at Ressano Garcia, the first railway station inside the newly liberated country. Hand-drawn or copied out in halting handwriting on walls of public buildings everywhere, they repeat Frelimo's message with local variations. Perhaps the most frequent demands are for "unity and work" and "vigilance and austerity."

Frelimo's years of guerrilla struggle have given it a corps of dedicated militants and a legend of sacrifice that will be vital now in peacetime conditions. It has learned from the mistakes of other African states and is alert to the false and seductive euphoria of decolonization. There is a quality of realism about Frelimo that is rare in Africa. It is not afraid to warn its people of "austerity."

Machel has made it clear that sacrifice is required of the leaders as well as the led. In Tanzania, Nyerere put forward his "Arusha Declaration," forbidding politicians to own property and shares, six years after independence. Frelimo wants to forestall from the start the growth of an urban elite. It will be a hard job, since the attractions of Mozambique's urban café life and the graceful boulevards of Lourenço Marques are all too clear.

And then there is the nagging question of the country's geographical position. South Africa's decision last year not to intervene militarily on the side of the white die-hards does not mean that Pretoria is taking things quietly. In South Africa a mass political trial is now underway of African student leaders who held a pro-Frelimo rally in Durban last year. Pretoria is clearly worried that Mozambique will increasingly become a market for black South Africans.

But it wants to undermine Mozambique with the weapon of détente rather than by outright interference. The hope in South Africa is that economic "realities" will force Mozambique into some kind of accommodation. Frelimo's leadership is well aware of Vorster's strategy. Although Mozambique is not giving top priority to helping toward the liberation of South Africa, it is highly concerned not to be "liberated" by South Africa.

In the short term it will keep the economic links with

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South Africa, but try to exact a higher price for them. Once full independence comes, it is expected to raise the dues for Lourenço Marques harbor. The export of black miners is the most delicate issue. For Mozambique it has been a highly lucrative business, since under the old system 60 per cent of the men's pay was paid to Lisbon in gold at the official price of only $42 an ounce. Lisbon then sold this on the world market at a profit at approximately four times that figure and paid the Mozambican miners in local currency.

Since the turn of the year the South Africa payments are believed to have gone direct to Mozambique. Frelimo's interim Prime Minister Joaquim Chissano has said vaguely that Frelimo will try to humanize conditions at the mines but will continue the current payments system. However, it may be that President Machel will announce on June 25, as President Kaunda of Zambia did some years ago, that the export of miners is to cease entirely.

In defense of the *status quo* it is frequently argued that Mozambique "needs" hard currency desperately and cannot under any circumstances afford to break the economic links with the South. The urgency is exaggerated, since the Mozambican economy would not collapse without foreign exchange. It is too undercapitalized to be vulnerable to the sort of crisis that would affect a Western economy. Nevertheless, Frelimo does not wish to take the risk of "de-stabilization" which a sudden cut in foreign exchange could entail.

Fortunately all Frelimo's main cash exports—sugar, cotton and cashews—are on a rising price trend in the world market. The country can therefore expect steadily growing receipts in the long run. The immediate issue is how to tide Mozambique over the next few years, until these crops are fully developed and the country can finally cut its links with the apartheid South. In the coming period Frelimo will need all the help it can get. □

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

INSOUCIANCE AT THE FBI

RICHARD HALL

Attempts to reopen the Hiss and Rosenberg trials have not produced, as yet, the FBI files on these cases, but they have revealed how incompetently the FBI deals with the demands of the new Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).

Three FBI agents, in charge of FOIA requests at the agency, explained the internal operations of their unit in a deposition to ACLU attorney John Shattuck. Shattuck represents Smith College historian Allen Weinstein in his suit to obtain documents from the Justice Department and the FBI.

Agents Farrington, Dennis and McCreight (all attorneys) have been with the unit since 1973 as part of the original staff of seven. This year, the unit grew to thirty members, and will reach sixty by next year, so great is the flood of FOIA requests expected to be. Their testimonies show, however, that growth has failed to increase the efficiency of the unit.

FBI policy on the disclosure of documents is haphazard, with the predictable result that most requests are denied. Although no specific records are kept, the agents estimate that they have received about 700 requests for documents, most of which have been denied outright, or have been released with heavy deletions. One agent described this process as that of "one man with a black grease pencil" whose status at the agency could be as low as that of clerical worker.

More important policy decisions seem to be made with similar capriciousness. On the Hiss-Rosenberg documents, for example, the unit unofficially consulted some Justice Department attorneys and an older FBI agent who had worked on the case. "They gave us a top of the head, gut reaction," says Dennis. It proved to be negative, and the unit accepted that gut reaction as their policy, despite the demands of eight years of court cases arising from the FOIA. (The failure to acknowledge recent interpretations of Freedom of Information law is not peculiar to the FBI. At one point, the Justice Department was reluctant to handle any denials issued by the Agriculture Department, because of the department's record for losing its cases.)

The agents also admit that no background study is made of historical cases such as the Hiss and Rosenberg trials. More important, agent Dennis revealed that the possibility of a case being reopened if its files are made public contributes to the negative reaction of the unit. "It is a minor point," says Dennis, "but it is a point."

A major point concerns the contents of the Hiss and Rosenberg files themselves. From the start, the FBI has been reluctant to review the files in these two cases. At the time of Executive Order 11652, when the government at the urging of Congress was vastly reducing its amount of classified files, only "representative parts" of the Hiss file were reviewed for declassification. One can only speculate as to the criteria used to select these "representative parts," but the result was predictable—no part of the file was declassified. There is no index to the file, and the amount of documents it contains is actually unknown. The FBI figure of 53,000 documents on the Hiss case is an estimate based on the assumption that there are 150 to 200 pages per inch of bound volume in the file. This estimate ignores any exhibits connected with the trial, and it is not surprising, then, to learn that the infamous "pumpkin" microfilm is missing (the FBI says that the U.S. Attorney in New York must have it, but the U.S. Attorney says that the FBI has it). Petitioners for Hiss and Rosenberg files have consistently been informed that the documents they

Richard Hall, founder and first editor of the Yale Daily News Magazine, *was more recently on the staff of* Ramparts.

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request are missing, and they very well may be. The conclusion is that the FBI is probably ignorant of the contents of these files. This ignorance, however, does not encourage them to investigate the legitimacy of FOIA claims.

A pertinent example concerns Weinstein's request for the important FBI interviews with David and Ruth Greenglass before they appeared as the chief prosecution witnesses in the Rosenberg trial. When Elliot Richardson was Attorney General, moves were made to release these documents to Weinstein. After the "Saturday Night Massacre," these moves were halted. Now the agency withholds the interviews under the following guideline provided by agent McCreight: "The degree of privacy is inversely proportional, or some wording of that nature, to the proximity of the person to the case. Some wording of that nature or something, some very mathematical terms."

These "very mathematical terms" are no more than bureaucratic laziness. The Greenglasses' privacy has been assured by the fact that their name and address have changed and remain a secret. The interviews are more than twenty-five years old and do not provide any clues to the current identity or whereabouts of the Greenglasses (David Greenglass was released from prison in 1960). Moreover, they were not secret informers, but star prosecution witnesses whose participation in the trial was common knowledge.

Although the FBI calls the Rosenberg case "The Spy Case of the Century," the agents revealed that the files actually contain little or no physical evidence. In 1953, the prosecution assured an appeals judge, the Attorney General and the President of the United States that only a fraction of the evidence available was used in the trial. From depositions, it is now learned that approximately 99 per cent of the Rosenberg file consists of interviews. "There was not much hard evidence in the Rosenberg case," an agent says, "there was very little. . . .I am not even sure there are any laboratory reports."

That is, of course, the point of contention raised by those who wish to have the case reopened. The present insouciance of the FBI in dealing with the reopening of the case amidst the doubts that have been raised is an unpleasant parallel to the way the agency contributed to its ugly prosecution two decades ago. □

REVERSE INVASION

THE CANADIANS ARE COMING!

MARY ALICE KELLOGG

Seattle

"Quite a reversal, isn't it?" sniffed one British Columbian Government official recently. "For years Americans have been buying big chunks of Canada. Now we buy a little land down in the States and everybody squawks."

They're squawking the loudest in Whatcom County, Washington, just 40 miles from Vancouver. This border county of rural farmland, wooded slopes and hundreds of crystal lakes is in the middle of a Canadian-fed recreational land boom that has set local developer pockets jingling and many local residents howling against the invasion. Where once pastoral scenes slumbered for the delight of Whatcom residents on an outing, today hastily constructed recreational subdivisions bulge rudely from the landscape. Cars jam the inadequate highways on weekends, grassy hills have been replaced by golf courses and recreational complexes. "Until five years ago our valley was a decent place to live," laments Mrs. Neila Stewart, a Whatcom resident, "but now I see a lot of confusion, overcrowding and angry people."

Part of the anger stems from Whatcom's own failures. Until this year, the postcard county was 95 per cent unzoned, ripe for helter-skelter development. It was referred to as "wide-open Whatcom." When county planner Harry Fulton, himself a native Canadian and naturalized American, introduced a comprehensive zoning plan six years ago, his proposals were booed by the residents. After all, why should they have zoning? For more than thirty years, Whatcom's largest town, Bellingham, had been a sleepy place surrounded by tiny farm communities. During the 1950s, Bellingham grew by only 1 per cent. But in the 1960s, that began to change. The town gained 6,000 new residents and watched 9,000 newly arrived suburbanites settle just outside its city limits. Bellingham found it had a population of 40,000, and in six years the countywide population rose by 15,000, to 90,000.

Bellingham did not realize what was happening to it until five years ago, when the scars of uncontrolled development began to show. At that time, when Seattle, 130 miles to the south had its big recession, "a lot of cheap builders came up here—and you can see what they've done," says Harry Fulton. Bellingham's graceful Victorian homes with their view of Puget Sound had for new neighbors bland houses which were symbols of a growth people were only beginning to understand.

Builders who had been pushing recreational properties to the residents of Seattle began to concentrate on Vancouver's population of nearly a million. Hemmed in by rugged mountains on one side and the sea on the other, Vancouverites were running out of land for their holiday retreats. A land freeze instituted by British Columbia in 1972 reduced the amount of available recreational and residential land and pushed Canadian property values to the groaning point. Whatcom County became a bargain.

Today in Whatcom there are seven major recreational developments, none of which is five years old. Of the 12,000 lots, the vast majority are owned by Canadians. Sudden Valley, a development 10 miles from Bellingham on Lake Whatcom, is 85 per cent Canadian-owned, with

Mary Alice Kellogg is an associate editor in Newsweek's *San Francisco bureau.*

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lots selling from $7,000 to $32,000. Paradise Lakes Country Club, in Neila Stewart's Columbia Valley, is 88 per cent Canadian-owned. The Whatcom treasurer says that nearly one-third of all real estate sales for the first eight months of 1974—$27 million worth—were to Canadian purchasers. Seventy-five per cent of lots sold have gone to people from north of the border, and local real estate value has jumped 15 per cent in a year, making county assessor Lewis Turner's job a giant headache. "Raw land that sold for $200 to $300 an acre five or six years ago will easily get $1,000 an acre today."

That's still a bargain. Prices for homes and land in Whatcom are at least 30 per cent (and in most cases, 50 per cent) below those of British Columbia. Homes that cost $65,000 in the province go for about $40,000 in Whatcom. Twenty per cent of the property owners in the county are Canadian, and they pay 5 per cent of the total real estate tax. The dollar value of real estate transactions has more than doubled since 1970, to more than $121 million last year.

All these percentages and profits have made a very considerable dent in Whatcom County. "The attitude of the public has changed drastically in the last few years," says planner Fulton. His comprehensive zoning plan, which had been lying in the basement of county offices since 1969, was enthusiastically dusted off in 1972. Last fall, two new members of the Board of Commissioners won their seats on a campaign advocating zoning and attacking the subdivision of agricultural land. Last year, a land-use code committee was formed, its members a cross section of the community. The fifty citizens on the committee were to deal with the problems of rampant development.

In practical terms, the Canadian land rush has been a mixed blessing. Downtown Bellingham merchants report that 30 per cent of their business is with Canadians. The American developers of Whatcom land are required by law to hire only U.S. citizens for construction work. Operators of local recreational vehicle franchises report their business is flourishing, thanks to Canadians.

But with this prosperity the Canadians bring their urban ills. Highways leading to the major developments are crammed on weekends; recreational services are overburdened. Ken Hertz, director of the Whatcom park system, thinks "the pressure for county park facilities by Canadians is going to reach the point of political decision: should we keep the Canadians out? The feeling of many people I talk to is one of open animosity. I think some day we'll see the commissioners run on a platform of keeping Canadians out."

In a recent survey of county park users (in some areas, like snowcapped Mount Baker, 90 per cent are Canadian), Whatcom residents clearly indicated what they thought was wrong. Fifty-two per cent said the "greatest problem" with the park system was its use by noncounty residents, specifically Canadians. To deal with increasing numbers of visitors, the county parks have had to institute a reservation system (county residents get first choice for campsites that previously were abundant and uncluttered) and noncounty residents pay a $1 per-car fee.

"I've seen the anti-Canadian feeling grow," says Hertz. "There's not a chance in hell we can stop Canadians from coming over here. The feeling seems to be that if we can't do that, we should limit Canadian land purchasing capabilities." That is not as easy as it would appear: in order to stop Canadians from owning land, the Washington state constitution would have to be changed. One state legislator is currently gathering information on land purchase by "foreigners" to check the feasibility of such a step, but for now the only restrictions are through tough zoning for the developments. There is a feeling in Whatcom that not enough has been done. "I don't think the county is doing a good job in solidly zoning the land," says Hertz. "They could be providing more regulatory methods. It is possible to control this, if people realize we will have a certain amount of this crap until they wake up."

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This is a land boom in which egos have been bruised. "The Canadian used to be the guy in the little beat-up cheap car, kind of a poor country cousin, who would come for a visit," says Harry Fulton. "But now he's the big shot in a big long Cadillac with lots and lots of money to spend." Neila Stewart, who has formed a citizens' group to stop real estate development, tries to couch it in gentler terms: "We're not against Canadians as a people. We're against noise, overcrowding and pollution—which is what these developments bring. This is our home, and what is happening to it is heartbreaking. The commissioners aren't looking at the problem closely enough. We think it's wrong to sell off land to a foreign country."

As can be guessed, the commissioners are caught between the business advantages on the one side and irate citizens on the other. "As we zone, we zone for the benefit and use of the whole county," wearily sighs C.J. ("Corky") Johnson, chairman of the board. "We can't restrict potential customers to Americans only. We'd badly crimp the county economy if we did that." Johnson admits that Whatcom is "a developer's paradise right now," and also allows that Canadians seem to be the only ones buying. "They have the money and the Vancouver resident has no place to go," he says. "We're faced with a hell of a mess."

Also faced with a mess are U.S. Immigration officials, who are currently saddled with heavy weekend border traffic and the thankless job of trying to weed out Canadians illegally living in the United States and working in Canada. The waiting list for a visa to work in the United States is currently two and a half years for Canadians. "It's a tragic situation," says Immigration official Harry Klajbor of the Blaine, Wash. border station. "Nobody tells them, in many cases, that they have to have a visa to live here and work in Canada. People are buying homes and don't know this." Klajbor's department is currently con-

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ducting an educational campaign to let Canadians know the restrictions, but there are still cases of deportation—eight last year.

Weekend lines across the border have grown to ridiculous proportions. What used to be a twenty-minute wait to get across has turned into a 2-mile line of cars. "It might get to the point where it is an impossible situation to control," sighs Klajbor. "Everybody knows what the problems are, but there aren't any answers. Nobody takes an overall look at the situation. How do you cut off foreign ownership? Who will do it? The problem isn't going to get any smaller."

For its part, the government of British Columbia doesn't seem too much concerned. "I don't think the politics of British Columbia has created the situation so much as the geography of British Columbia," says B.C. Land Commission Chairman William Lane. "You have half of our population living in the southwest corner of the province with a density close to that of Belgium and a twenty-year history of land-use controls. Across the border you have more habitable land, with a history of little or no land-use control. Of course there's a certain temptation when you put the two side by side." Lane does not view the situation as serious, saying: "I don't think there's a shortage of recreational property in the province, anyway. The people of Whatcom County should look to their own best interests. The citizens there have not had strong reason for land-use control, and now there is a conflict. British Columbians aren't in any way offended if they want to zone."

And zone they may. With Canada's fastest-growing province just across the border (British Columbia is responsible for one-fourth of Canada's growth these days) and their own state growing at only half the Canadian rate, there is a feeling of invasion. Interest rates are 1 to 3 per cent lower in Washington, and land is cheaper, so Canadians will continue to come across the border. One of them is William Wien of Vancouver, who bought a modified A-frame in the Paradise Lakes development near Kendall on the Mount Baker highway. "We've always wanted a place in the woods and a cabin to get away from it all," Wien says. "We finally did and we're spending almost every weekend here." Because Canadians are the majority in the developments of redwood A-frames and boxy ranch houses, they appear not to feel the pressure of the "invasion syndrome." But some of the more vocal local residents say that it's only a matter of time until they do.

Pride is at the center of it, and an uneasy feeling that as the economic balance shifts, other people's conceptions of us change, and ours of them. The realization is not always comfortable. Dr. Gerard F. Rhutan, director of the Canadian studies program at Bellingham's Western Washington State College, notes wryly that "People here are in the process of realizing we are a bedroom suburb of Vancouver. People tended to look at Vancouver as 'the outback,' when it is really more cosmopolitan and developed than Seattle. We are like the Tijuana of the North."

For people who have always thought of their dollar as being worth more than the Canadian dollar, that is tough to swallow. "If you're a store manager," Rhutan says, "you say 'gee, it's nice to have 1,000 Canadians each day.' But store managers don't realize that if you welcome the Canadian's business you become part of the cultural make-up of Canada. The clout in this part of the country rests in Vancouver. We've just got to adjust ourselves, as cities in northern New Jersey adjust to New York City. People can adjust." □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 706*)

individual self-fulfillment, he offered a salve to the distressed which emphasized the possibility of achieving a way out within the prevailing system of social relations. It is not a question of showing Fromm as a reactionary. Jacoby attempts to demonstrate that the presupposition of ego psychology removes the heart of the critical content in Freud's theory, leaving its adjustment therapy intact. . . .

It does not matter that "social scientists, workers and progressive managers" find Fromm's later works useful for building a democratic society. What Jacoby has shown is that critical theory, which in Fromm's own words, "opened up a new dimension of honesty," cannot be abandoned if the project of human liberation is to be realized. Maccoby's allusion to the alleged sloppiness of scholarship he finds in Jacoby and myself, ignores the work of Marcuse, John Schaar and others who have found similar tendencies in Fromm. When he speaks of "progressive" managers, Maccoby is tossing his own critical consciousness to the winds.

Stanley Aronowitz

'friends across the ocean'

Paris

The war in Vietnam has ended in the most beautiful way. . . . It was not only a great victory with historical significance for the Vietnamese people but also a victory of the spirit of struggle for peace and justice on the part of the American people and the anti-war movement in the United States.

In the past, despite the fact that the ruling group in Washington concealed the truth and scandalously deceived public opinion, the American people saw more and more clearly the unjust, barbarous nature of this war which was also contrary to the interests of the United States. . . .

Millions of Americans demonstrated against the war. . . . Americans shed their blood to oppose the war; many others were hunted by the police, lost their jobs, were arrested; many American youths are still compelled to live in exile because they evaded the draft. . . . In the past, with the Vietnamese people you bore witness to the tradition of peace and justice of the American people. This is why the Vietnamese people always distinguished between the American administration, which carried out the aggression against it, and the American people who were also the victims of this policy of aggression. . . .

We hope that you will continue to develop the spirit of solidarity and friendship which has already united the American and Vietnamese peoples, and continue to help us to rapidly achieve our great mission. Particularly we hope that you will mobilize the American people to form a movement to aid the Vietnamese people to reconstruct their fatherland. At the same time we hope that you will demand that the American Government bear its responsibility for the destruction caused in Vietnam, that it contribute to heal the war wounds and reconstruct the two zones of Vietnam, thus creating favorable conditions for normalizing relations between Vietnam and the United States of America.

Phan Thi Minh
Dinh Ba Thi
Delegation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'What Our Hearts Feel About the Perception'

POETRY AND THE COMMON LIFE. *By M. L. Rosenthal. Oxford University Press. 148 pp. $6.95.*

WILLIAM HEYEN

In his Foreword to *Poetry and the Common Life* M.L. Rosenthal remarks that he does not think that "the stubborn mass indifference" to poetry will soon change. But poetry, "the real thing, the poetry that poets themselves and their most developed readers cherish," is at the same time "present in the populace at large. We neglect it at our peril."

The six chapters of this book ("Poetry and Ordinary Experience," "Memory and the Sources of Poetry," "Musics of Awareness: Time and Space," "Musics of Awareness: Association and Feeling," "Politics," "Love and Death and Private Things") reach out to those of us (all of us?) who do not fully realize that the poet's art is not only apprehensible in surprising ways, but is a part of our own lives. Learning to read so as to recognize the connection in specific poems, Rosenthal says, will not come easily: "One may have to go along with a demanding set of associations; and one may have to follow the sound of a speaking voice in elusively varied modulations and intricately patterned rhythms." But people *can* learn to read poetry—even the work of those modern poets who, as John Crowe Ransom said, have lost the laurels of public interest and acclaim altogether—and *must*, for the sake of the depth and richness of their own lives, for the sake of their common humanity.

Poetry and the Common Life ranges wide to explode all sorts of traditional classroom assumptions about what poetry is supposed to be and do for us. The entire book is a collection of variations on how a poem does mean, on what to many may be the radical idea that poetry "brings out the actual quality of what our senses perceive and what our hearts feel about the perception." Even while the impulses of his discussion lead him to detailed examination of poems or passages from Whitman or Williams or Paul Blackburn, Rosenthal never loses sight of the fact that paraphrase and summary and statement are pale versions of the many communications that go on between reader and poem. Rosenthal engages us by pointing out what he describes as "the shape and suggestion of the language as it flows and erupts and shifts direction in the poem." There are no statics in this book, the critic himself realizing at the end that his conclusions are only beginnings, that the subject's proliferations, as those of any poem, are endless.

If this book never loses sight of the poem's text, it is at the same time often personal, telling us where the readings of poems come from. Rosenthal remarks: "I have thought, seeing the intricately satisfying designs woven into Touareg tent walls, how those designs made an infinitely expanding world out of what would otherwise have been the narrow, stifling confines of the primitive tents of desert nomads. Every art does the same." Or he says, "Almost all the poets I have known have had strong political feelings . . . though few of them are so powerfully mobilized in their moral vision [as William Blake]." At another point Rosenthal mentions that he remembers two instances when he suddenly became a small child again, when particular past moments returned to him vividly. And he adds, "I knew then that nothing is finally lost to us. . . ."

In this way Rosenthal does not talk about memory abstractly or vaguely. We sense a thoughtful man behind the words, someone whose experiences have been transmuted into the understanding and sympathy necessary for an ample reading of any worthwhile poem. His feelings about poems are rooted in his own life, one he would hold to be, in the most important senses, representative, for, as he says in many different ways, "The thought I am insisting on here is that an essential ingredient of poetic vision and genius is present in all minds. . . . Poetry draws deeply on experiences we have all had." The book's personalism grows naturally from this belief. *Poetry and the Common Life* has grown from a sensibility that sees and absorbs and considers, and M. L. Rosenthal has written it, not a critical persona.

Rosenthal is such a convincing advocate of the excellences of certain poems that I sometimes have the feeling—though this is probably my own failure of taste as a reader—that he is making them into more than they are, that they are not as good as his readings of them and his delight suggest. It seems to me that Paul Blackburn's "The Once-Over," Williams' "Love Song," George Barker's "To My Mother," and Paul Goodman's "Long Lines," for example, are finally unimportant, even uninteresting pieces, their language too easy to forget. Rosenthal cares a great deal for some poems that bore me. Why, I often wondered unfairly, didn't he turn to work by David Ignatow and William Stafford, to name two poets of subtle power who have always explored the poetry of the quotidian? At the same time, Rosenthal's discussions of Stevens' "Sunday Morning," of the incident of the stolen boat in Wordsworth's "The Prelude," of sections of Whitman's "Song of Myself," of Blake's "London," of Wyatt's "They Flee from Me," of Plath's "Ariel" have made me know and feel anew the undeniable power of poems I have dwelled on and loved, or feared.

In the chapter, "Politics," Rosenthal turns to Imamu Amiri Baraka's "Black Art." His handling of this poem will perhaps best illustrate the quality of the man speaking to us in this book. I've always been of several minds about Baraka's poem. Rosenthal has helped me to focus my scattered responses.

"In our own day," says Rosenthal, "neither poets nor other people can avoid a sense of a foulness pervading life, and a disgust at our failure to do away with the degradation of so much of human existence." Pressures of political consciousness, he says, lead to some work that is "willfully destructive," but work that cannot simply be dismissed. This is the passage of "Black Art" that Rosenthal quotes:

> *We want "poems that kill."*
> *Assassin poems. Poems that shoot*
> *guns. Poems that wrestle cops into*
> *alleys*
> *and take their weapons leaving them*
> *dead*
> *with tongues pulled out and sent to*
> *Ireland. Knockoff*
> *poems for dope selling wops or slick*
> *halfwhite*
> *politicians Airplane poems,*

William Heyen teaches English at the State University of New York College at Brockport. His second volume of poems, Noise in the Trees *(Vanguard Press), was published last year. Late this year Bobbs-Merrill will publish* American Poets in 1976, *a volume of essays by twenty-nine contemporaries on their own life and work, that Mr. Heyen has edited for the Bicentennial.*

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rrrrrrrrrrrrrr
rrrrrrrrrrrrr . . . tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh
tuh tuh tuh
. . . rrrrrrrrrrrrr . . . Setting fire and
death to
whities ass. Look at the Liberal
Spokesman for the jews clutch his
throat
& puke himself into eternity . . . rrrrrrrr
There's a negroleader pinned to
A bar stool in Sardi's eyeballs melting
in hot flame. Another negroleader
on the steps of the white house one
kneeling between the sheriff's thighs
negotiating cooly for his people.

Baraka's poem has nothing in common, says Rosenthal, with the despair of Shelley or Yeats. Here the poet chooses, deliberately,

> meanness and brutality. The speaker in it plays the role of uncompromising black racist. . . . His grossness of thought and speech, his aggressively insulting tone, his images of torture and obscenity, the buffoonery of his sound effects imitating airplane motors and gunfire, his sarcasm, and even his occasional misspellings are all aspects of a carefully cultivated attitude: one of dissociation from the position of humanism that all men are brothers whatever barriers prevent the concept from prevailing.

It is this very human care that informs *Poetry and the Common Life*. Rosenthal cares more than the "carefully cultivated" speaker of "Black Art," cares in a profound way. I have only been able to sketch Rosenthal's discussion here, but his is an important balance of faith: at the same time that he recognizes that the poem expresses a real state of mind that we need to name and face, he insists that the vision here "does violence to our common humanity." Because it is so easy and even fashionable to be a relativist these days, we can easily feel the intellectual courage behind this book. Rosenthal knows what happened in the Nazi death camps, says that the voice of Baraka's poem comes out of the world that shaped those camps, and *still*, as he condemns this poem, as it sickens him, recognizes its "clearly conscious voice for one side of things in the modern world." This is not a man who will burn texts, but one who hopes to help us to read that we may come to disavow rhetoric, perhaps even as Eldridge Cleaver has recently regretted his own early rhetoric.

As we read this book, we have the feeling that the critic's words become discoveries for him as well as for us. We sense a flow, one that bends the chapter boundaries. The voice here is that of one of our best readers, a poet coming to realize what he knows and what his memory and imagination insist on as he writes. This is the book of a whole man. In *Poetry and the Age* Randall Jarrell describes what he sees to be the best criticism, criticism "written by a reader for readers, by a human being for human beings." *Poetry and the Common Life* is such a book, one with none of the "institutional magnificence" Jarrell despised, but an important appreciation and defense of an art that reaches out to share its earth, water, and air with all of us. □

Making Love Not War, With Dollars

SOVIET-AMERICAN CONFRONTATION: Postwar Reconstruction and the Origins of the Cold War. *By Thomas G. Paterson. The Johns Hopkins University Press. 287 pp. $12.*

William Appleman Williams

This is the best volume we have on the early (April 1945-June 1948) years of the cold war. Paterson has been digging into the sources for more than a decade, and has produced an impressive study based on that research and informed by his keen analysis. He had the wisdom to approach the subject obliquely, and has carried the day. The book enhances the work of earlier students and gives us a bench mark for subsequent interpretation.

Paterson begins by reviewing the way American leaders formulated their ideas on postwar policy between 1942 and 1945; he uses Harry Truman's phrase, "peace and prosperity," as the shorthand expression of an outlook that was concerned with political stability, "access on equal terms to the trade and raw materials of the world," expansion of American foreign trade to insure prosperity at home, and (within those parameters) a commitment to self-determination. Intensely conscious of their relative and absolute power, American policy makers began during the war to deploy their strength to translate their *Weltanschauung* into a *Pax Americana*.

Here is his succinct overview:

> Washington presumed that nations requesting aid would make important concessions to help bring about certain postwar goals; that is, that recipient countries would accept its principles in international relations. To a government reluctant to offer concessions on such terms, economic pressure was applied. If such pressure failed to achieve cooperation, Washington declared the government obstructionist and a threat to peace and prosperity and isolated it from the benefits of United States trade, investment, and aid.

That was the approach taken toward Russia by W. Averell Harriman and his numerous allies within the government as early as the winter of 1943-44, and it gained increasing influence during subsequent months. It has always been a mystery to me why so many astute and knowledgeable observers feel that President Franklin D. Roosevelt would have opposed that approach to the bitter end. Roosevelt was a tough politician who repeatedly abandoned flattery and personal politics when they proved insufficient to accomplish his purposes: he often played the fox, but never the sacrificial lamb.

Roosevelt entertained his own grandiose version of a *Pax Americana*, and Paterson offers two strong indicators that the President was preparing to roar like a lion in behalf of Harriman's strategy. "I think it's very important," he told Henry Morgenthau on January 10, 1945, "that we hold back and don't give them any promises of finance until we get what we want." Three months later (March 30) he reiterated that position to Leo Crowley, whom he had appointed to head the Foreign Economic Administration. We also tend to forget that he sacked Henry Wallace for Harry Truman.

Truman's style was more like a bull than a lion, and he charged ahead on a path that involved getting tough with Moscow as part of building what in the 19th century would have been called an American System. He effectively gored the United Nations' program for international aid on the basis of need, economically isolated Eastern Europe, and used our country's economic power to order the rest of the world in a manner consistent with America's business philosophy. Those actions have been explained and justified, then and now, as having been provoked by Russian intransigence. But Paterson offers significant evidence that "the Soviet Union was uncertain, halting, and defensive in its relations with the Eastern European nations and did not have a master plan for the region."

And behind it all, of course, was the marketplace view of life, the assump-

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William Appleman Williams teaches at Oregon State University. He is the author of numerous historical studies, including The Tragedy of American Diplomacy *(Dell Publishing Co.) and* Roots of the Modern American Empire *(Random House).*

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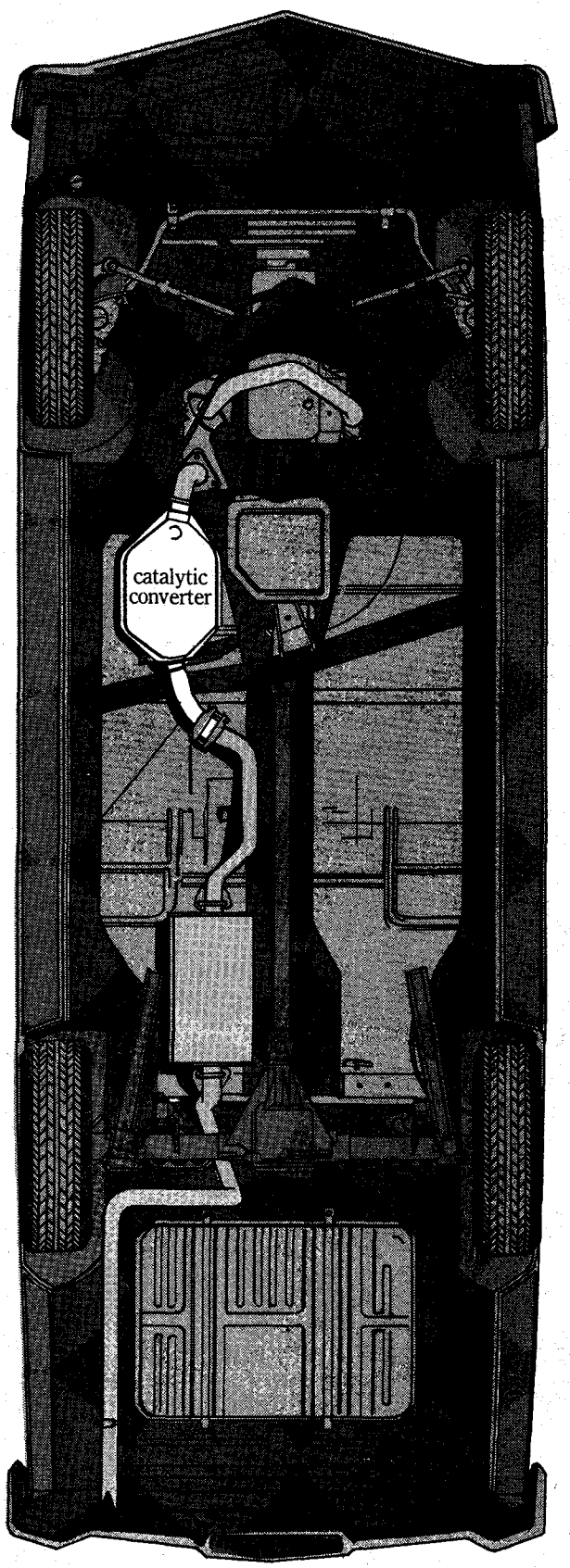
Because of the catalytic converter, GM cars use less gasoline.



Primarily because of the catalytic converter, gas mileage on GM cars has been increased by 28% on a sales-weighted average, according to EPA figures.

The converter gives GM car owners the best of both worlds: emissions of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons are cut by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974, and it is possible once more to tune engines for economy, drivability and performance.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

But when you think of the cost, think of the reduction in fuel consumption over the life of that average GM car; and don't forget, the use of unleaded gas lowers maintenance costs by greatly increasing the life of spark plugs, engine oil and exhaust system components.

After more than a billion miles on the road, the GM catalytic converter has become a world standard in pollution control devices. GM has signed contracts to build converters for auto-makers in Europe and Asia, as well as other U.S. manufacturers.

You get the fuel-saving advantages of a catalytic converter as standard equipment on 1975 cars from General Motors, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

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Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

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tion that everyone has his price. Franklin A. Lindsay, who served in Yugoslavia before joining the U.S. delegation to the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission, was one of the few who saw the fallacy of that outlook. "We can never make liberals out of Communists by making love to them with dollars." (There is a man who should be writing novels.) But economic aid should nevertheless be given on humanitarian and practical grounds; and, one might hope, that would help create conditions favorable to reform through "their own efforts." As Paterson concludes, "Most diplomats practiced a counterproductive reconstruction policy in the Soviet sphere."

That ultimately proved to be the case throughout the world, but in the short run American policy makers did create an impressive imperial system that extended from Japan through the Middle East and the Mediterranean, and embraced Western Europe and Latin America. It was a stunning conception, probably best described by Dean Acheson's biographer, Gaddis Smith, as an effort to "grab hold of history and make it conform." Perhaps there is nothing quite so revealing of the essence of the American character as the general unwillingness of the advocates and defenders of the *Pax Americana* to stand forth boldly as empire builders. If they could have found the honesty to do that, then the episode known as revisionism would have been unnecessary. Historians could in those circumstances have functioned as citizens of the Republic engaged in a debate about the wisdom and the consequences of specific policies. But the evasions and the dissimulation of the policy makers and their fellow travelers forced the revisionists to invest the energy of a generation in establishing one point fundamental to any understanding of the cold-war period. Paterson puts it in one magnificent sentence: "American diplomacy was not accidental or aimless: rather, it was self-consciously expansionist."

I do not agree with his final explanation that we must understand that policy as an expression of some atavistic or primeval "will to dominate," but I salute him for his courageous refusal to flinch in the face of the evidence. And I like the way he deals with the argument that "politics" forced Truman and other policy makers to do what they did: as he says, the Congress "usually left him free to exercise American power as he wished in the early Cold War years."

Which brings us back to the matter of grabbing hold of history and making it conform. That suggests to me that the vast majority of modern American internationalists are driven by a sense of isolation begotten of their failure to realize American ideals and values *in America*. An intriguing subject to which I shall return. □

Abandoned Women, in All Senses

SEDUCTION AND BETRAYAL: Women and Literature. *By Elizabeth Hardwick. Random House. 208 pp. $6.95.*

THE SHADOW KNOWS. *By Diane Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. 277 pp. $6.95.*

SANDRA M. GILBERT

"*Sola, perduta, abbandonata!*" exclaims Puccini's Manon Lescaut—alone, lost, abandoned—the ultimate female cry of woe. And the three words are still drifting into our lives from the pages of the past, like unconquerable dust. Or so Diane Johnson's new novel, *The Shadow Knows*, seems to tell us, and so *Seduction and Betrayal*, the title of Elizabeth Hardwick's collection of essays on women and literature, seems to insist. Whether novelist, heroine or anti-heroine, these writers note, a woman is alone in a way a man is not: she is somehow placeless, undefined, unaccommodated, while men, the heirs of names and mansions, traditions and occupations, are not. She is lost more easily than a man in the shuffle of life. Too often the "fair creature of an hour," she is even more often and more ambiguously abandoned: literally abandoned when men assert their needs for self-fulfillment over her claims to support and nurture; figuratively abandoned ("given up to wickedness; immoral and shameless," says Webster) if she asserts her own needs over those of men.

Because this theme of loneliness, loss, abandonment, is crucial in literature by (and about) women, it has received much attention lately, both in fiction and criticism. Elizabeth Hardwick's essays, for instance, originally appeared in *The New York Review of Books*, and some have also been delivered as lectures at Vassar and Princeton. And it's not surprising that they have been widely disseminated, for they are difficult to criticize, difficult in many ways to fault. Hardwick is so often brilliant and witty, her prose has sometimes such a virtuoso sheen, and there is, moreover, such a strain of decency and compassion in her responses that one does not like to cavil. Yet, given the weight and woefulness of its theme, one cannot help feeling, finally, that there's something strangely wrong with *Seduction and Betrayal.*

For one thing, much of the book seems curiously lacking in what I can only call seriousness. Reading it, I felt a good deal of the time rather as if I'd blundered into one of those famous New York cocktail parties—the kind the beautiful *literati* all attend—and been privileged to overhear the wise chatter. It's very amusing sometimes, just as one had hoped it would be ("Bloomsbury is, just now, like one of those ponds on a private estate from which all of the trout have been scooped out for the season"); sometimes a little shocking ("I would trace [Sylvia Plath's 'rootless' quality] to her foreign ancestors on both sides"); and most often just puzzling or distressing ("They are an odd group, the Brontës"; "It does not seem of much importance that [Zelda Fitzgerald's] diaries and letters were appropriated, the stories wrongly attributed for an extra $500").

From what blankness or numbness of the nerve endings do these lines, especially the last two, come? For *Seduction and Betrayal* is not, after all, a cocktail party monologue; its compassion and insight show that Hardwick means it seriously, means it to be a book with a coherent vision of women's loneliness and abandonment. The first two sections, on the Brontës and Ibsen's women, seem to me to provide some clues. The former, a kind of generalized think piece about *Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights, Villette,* and the lives of their authors, is probably the weakest essay in the book. And its weakness inheres particularly in the helpless superficiality of Hardwick's musings on her subjects. The word "odd," quoted above, recurs almost obsessively. Not only were they "an odd group, the Brontës," but *Wuthering Heights* is said to show "a lack of moral longings, odd in the work of a daughter of a clergyman," and "there was an oddly rebellious and erotic tone to the imaginings and plot developments of the little governesses." Moreover, Charlotte Brontë's heroines are described as having "a curious sophistication . . . without their even being entirely conscious of it," and about all the Brontës, Hardwick remarks that "we are astonished by what they would *not* endure."

Sandra Gilbert teaches in the English Department at Indiana University and is the author of Acts of Attention: The Poems of D.H. Lawrence *(Cornell University Press). She is collaborating on a study of 19th- and 20th-century literature by women, to be entitled* The Madwoman in the Attic.

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But why is Hardwick astonished? What is so odd about the Brontës? In the context of her essay, I suppose she is amazed that these "little governesses" managed to achieve anything at all in the face of "the worries that afflicted genteel, impoverished women in the nineteenth century," which, as she points out, "can scarcely be exaggerated." But there is, to use her word, an oddly patronizing tone to her congratulatory astonishment: as if she were applauding the Brontës not for what they did but for what they *tried* to do, like Dr. Johnson contemplating the lady preacher. "The sisters seized upon the development of their talents as an honorable way of life," says Hardwick, "and in this they were heroic." Yes, perhaps they were. But more to the point, in a collection of essays about literature, would be some emphasis upon the fact that Charlotte and Emily, in particular, were heroic in their achievement, which can be matched with the work of any of their male contemporaries.

Curiously, Hardwick does not seem entirely to believe this. Or perhaps, more strangely still, she has not thought about it very much. Her readings of *Wuthering Heights, Jane Eyre* and *Villette* are perfunctory and conventional. *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* have "large gaping flaws in the construction," she asserts, with little or no supporting analysis. *Wuthering Heights* "is a virgin's story," with "a scarcity of scene painting." In all the novels one feels "a disturbing undercurrent of intense sexual fantasy." Such remarks exemplify the kind of tepid critical (rather than biographical) attention she gives the Brontës. Significantly, however, the three essays which follow—on *A Doll's House, Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm*—are probably the strongest in the book. Hardwick reads Ibsen carefully, slowly, focusing a keen analytic mind on every relevant detail, and coming up with particularly interesting solutions to the "problems" of Nora and Hedda. "Studying [Ibsen's] plays," she remarks, "is unsettling in the profitable manner of the very best literature." But might not studying *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre* also have been profitably unsettling? Evidently not, in Hardwick's view, and one begins here to have a disconcerting suspicion that this intelligent woman critic of women and literature does not, somehow, think women writers worthy of the same critical energy she devotes to men.

The rest of her book, unfortunately, confirms that suspicion. Of course, some of the women she chooses to write about in her other essays are minor or peripheral figures, "appendages" to men, as she says of Zelda Fitzgerald. Yet even about them she seems to me to be needlessly bemused. Zelda Fitzgerald's "desperate need [to work at something] is an astonishing desire and hope for one who had been a great beauty," she declares, and what we feel for Zelda in the end is therefore "respectful pity." Dorothy Wordsworth was "peculiar," Jane Carlyle talented, but "it is very risky to think of her as . . . a 'sacrificed' writer. . . ." Even granting the skillful and understated irony of such passages, one feels that there might have been a little more to be said—and said seriously—about these women.

Yet Hardwick's essays on Jane Carlyle and Dorothy Wordsworth rank with the Ibsen pieces as among the best in the book. At least, one reflects, there were no obvious works by these writers to which she could have devoted the same intensity of attention she gives *A Doll's House* or, later, *The Scarlet Letter, An American Tragedy, Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and other works by men. With Sylvia Plath and Virginia Woolf, however, the case is very different. Though Hardwick is deliciously witty on the much-worried subject of "Bloomsbury," she inexplicably dismisses Woolf's writing as having an "excessive, almost smothering 'femininity,'" then, feeling (quite reasonably) that this conclusion is inadequate, tacks on a paragraph noting that "there was a great mind working in Virginia Woolf's novels." Ah, yes. Many of us had caught that point already. What we would have liked, however, is some discussion of the nature of that greatness, some attention to the qualities in the work that support our judgment.

Again, though she is often perceptive about Sylvia Plath, Hardwick's final attitude toward the author of *Ariel* seems to be one of puzzled and patronizing dislike. "The oddity [of Plath's obsession with suicide] is almost inexhaustible," she muses, adding "What can we make of a poet so ambitious and vengeful . . .?" What indeed, especially if we don't read the poems with very much care? And Hardwick's comments on, for instance, "Daddy" suggest that she isn't reading with much care. Certainly she must be one of the first major critics to come away from the piece wringing her hands with sympathy for poor Otto Plath. "The father did not kill anyone," she protests in real or mock bewilderment, and wonders "How is it possible to grieve for more than twenty years for one as evil and brutal as [Plath] asserts her father to have been?" That she is *not* reading the poem with anything like the attention she gives to, say, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* is made quite clear in her remark about the last stanza, the one beginning "There's a stake in your fat black heart/

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And the villagers never liked you. . . ." "Even strangers, the town, are brought into the punishment of her father and this is somehow the most biting and ungenerous thought of all." As if Plath's villagers might not be just as metaphorical as Hardy's cows!

Well, as Hardwick herself would say, "What are we to make of all this?" The last essay in the book, the title piece, suggests anyway what Hardwick might have made of it. Discussing the heroism of the abandoned woman as she is depicted in a series of great works from *The Scarlet Letter* to *Tess*, she notes that the strength of characters like Hester Prynne "comes from the minds (the observations?) of men, since the novels were written by men *and those by women draw largely upon the weight of these powerful conceptions and balance of relations.*" (Italics mine.) There is the germ of an exciting idea here, which I wish Hardwick had bothered to develop—the idea that there was (and is) a reciprocal relationship between male images of women in fiction and women's own literary images of themselves. Had Hardwick *read* "Daddy" or *Mrs. Dalloway* or *Jane Eyre* in relation to the masculine works they might be said to parody or at least to redefine, perhaps she could have shed more light on the darkness of seduction and betrayal from the victim's as well as the victor's point of view. As it is, however, though she is in some sense on the women's "side," she has trouble taking their literature seriously enough to imagine that such a complicated transaction might in fact be going on. Distressed for the Brontës, she nevertheless quotes Southey's famous words to Charlotte without comment: "Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be." And indeed, for Hardwick, women's writing seems not to be a business—in the most serious sense of that word—but a phenomenon, to be gossiped about, wondered at, exclaimed over, even praised, but never given the real tribute of scrupulous study.

While I have no desire to revive the old Wildean quarrel of critic and artist, it seems salutary at this point to turn from an inadequate critical account of loss, loneliness and abandonment to a fully adequate fictional rendering of Manon's theme.

Revolving like a grim carrousel around the torment—the paranoia—of the victim, Diane Johnson's novel, *The Shadow Knows*, is first of all a sort of bitter parody of a genre invented by 19th-century men: the detective novel. Its heroine-narrator, who guardedly names herself "N.," quite early in the book decides that she is being stalked by a murderer, perhaps along with her four children and her black maid, Ev. Her increasingly frantic attempts to discover the criminal's identity—is it her ex-husband, Gavin? her lover, Andrew? her best friend, Bess? her mad former maid, Osella? Ev's boy friend, A.J., or husband, Clyde?—and her imaginary dialogues with a tweedily contemptuous famous inspector make up the substance of the novel.

As the story unfolds out of the hectic spinnings of N.'s mind, it resonates like Charlotte Brontë filtered through Kafka, or like a strange dream in which Agatha Christie is transformed into a feverish metaphysician. The victim become detective, trying to solve the crime without even knowing what it is. How many novels by women—one wishes Hardwick had thought about this—must develop that plot less explicitly but just as passionately?

N. is a lucid, rational, intellectual divorceé, a graduate student of linguistics, who is always, appropriately enough, trying to decipher the grammar—the encoded patterns—of her own life. "Outside I am a round-faced little woman with golden curls and round blue eyes," she says of herself with calm irony. But soon we see that inside she is, like one of Charlotte Brontë's heroines, "a little bitty woman," infinitely anxious about her ability to cope with the pressure of independence and the loneliness it brings, ragingly resentful of the loss, the abandonment, she has suffered. Her two alter egos—literally dark doubles, on whom much of the action centers—are insane Osella, a giant fertility goddess of a woman who accuses N. of witchcraft and harlotry, and passive Ev, a sort of professional victim whose mysterious death triggers the denouement of the story. "An odd thing," N. confides. "Osella and I have the same birthday. . . . Also we are both left-handed." Trivia, we think at first. And yet Osella's accusations reflect N.'s own sense of herself. For N.—her married name is *Hexam*—does, in some part of herself, believe she is a witch, an abandoned woman in the bad sense, whose unconsciously cast spells have doomed her to abandonment in the sad sense. Complicities of victim and victor thicken the plot: guilt breeds panic, Johnson shows, and vice versa. For in the meantime, while the Osella part of her, like a vengeful Great Mother, is threatening retribution for N.'s offenses against conventional womanhood, her Ev self arrives to take up a job in the family, and "we were like two halves of a mirror. In her was a deep unspoken fear. In me was a deep unspoken fear."

Around this intricately linked trio —whose complex relationships are further tangled by the polarities of black/white, mistress/servant they also represent—flicker the men in their lives, lovers, husbands, ex-husbands, seducing and betraying or themselves being seduced and betrayed. "The air smells of madness and ill-nature," exclaims N. at one point. But the odor, we realize, is no worse than that of the air that blows through most lives. Mutual exploitation always stinks, and the anonymous housing "unit" where the heroine and her four small children are almost literally sequestered is frighteningly vulnerable to the onslaughts of the shadowy "murderer," who knows—of course he does—what evil lurks in the human heart, especially perhaps his (or her) own. His first act of aggression is an attack on the door of N.'s apartment; he wounds it as if it were a living thing, smears it with blood or vomit, the contents of a dark interior. But soon, N. fears, "walls will dissolve away, locks melt with the force of his malice." Her terrified broodings echo

BITTERSWEET ODE

Grey breath of a day
The whip of briars

Smiling and tired
you lie here on the matted grass

burst embers
of cut bittersweet

glowing rich
and orange

And beneath you
the careless darkness of roots

the chilled black dirt
where your sisters the two crickets are singing

Robert Dana

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those of Jane Eyre, for whose is the "low, slow ha! ha!" Jane hears in the attic at Thornfield, what is the shadow that haunts Jane and Rochester if not the same murderous darkness that moves too often between men and women, victor and victim, seducer and betrayer?

For this reason, because it is ultimately metaphorical, Johnson's plot is hard to unravel. There is a flash of uncertainty at the end of the book, as if the novelist herself, even while trying to finish the story on a hopeful note, recognized that there is no simple solution to the mystery, on easy way out of the mad tangle. "*Sola, perduta, abbandonata!*" N. quotes the phrase herself—each woman must struggle with her femaleness in her own way, survive betrayals through unique strategies. The literary implications of all this are what critics like Hardwick should begin to examine with more care. Women writers, from the Brontës to Atwood, Plath, Jong and Johnson, have already embodied the message in their stories and poems. "It must be," N. speculates, "that some time in his life every little boy baby, rosy in his bath, looking up past the warm, strong arms of his mother into her eyes, one time sees there a strangeness which suddenly reveals to him that she is not him, she is not even like him but is another creature of another race. . . ." In both senses of the word, perhaps, an abandoned creature. □

With Pomp and Preface

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, Henry Seidel Canby, Richard M. Ludwig, William M. Gibson. Macmillan Publishing Co. 1,556 pp. $25.*

SALLY M. GALL

With a certain pomp and an incredible preface, the fourth edition of the *Literary History of the United States* has arrived. Incredible? Only in that it reads so much like the preface of edition three, boding ill for what should be a much-needed reinterpretation of our literary heritage. "Again the editors have resisted the temptation to alter the main text," the writer of the preface informs us. Not only have they resisted but he is positively smug about it: "At the close of its first quarter-century, *LHUS* has belied its editors' original pronouncement that 'each generation must define the past in its own terms.'"

That cautioning word on the transitoriness of even such a perdurable creation as *LHUS* was offered in 1948, however. Looking backward then, the editors cited the *Cambridge History of American Literature*, which had performed the service of redefinition for the World War I generation. Looking ahead, they wisely stated their belief that *LHUS* could not be the last word on our literary past: redefinition "will be needed still again."

Perhaps the original editors were so heady with the wine of new creation that they could look with unusual benignity on their brainchild's eventual obsolescence, at some time very far in the future. For now the future has come, but the more cautious 1974 editors feel it hasn't. Only one chapter in the "main text" (from Colonial times to World War II) has been substantially rewritten—William M. Gibson has provided a new chapter on Emily Dickinson and Sidney Lanier, which reflects the recent advances in Dickinson scholarship as well as his own warm understanding of her work.

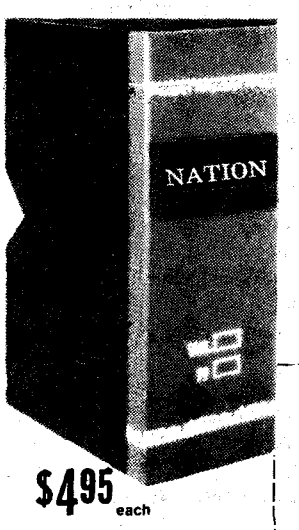
Granted, substantial changes have been made in the post-World War II material of the various editions, as the war has receded further and further into the past and new works and trends have needed comment. But minimal changes to keep up with the contemporary literary situation are surely not enough to justify the writer of the preface in concluding that this fourth edition "moves into a new period in the history of American literature."

For this fourth edition hasn't moved much of anywhere. Six chapters (including Gibson's) have been changed or added: *eighty* weighty ones preserve intact the historical and literary views of the original contributors. *LHUS* remains what it always has been—a substantial work of the 1940s by an excellent group of scholars. Nobody will deny that the contributions of men such as Canby, Malcolm Cowley, Merle Curti, Howard Mumford Jones, Joseph Wood Krutch, F.O. Matthiessen, H.L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stegner, Carl Van Doren and many other notables are indeed worthy of preservation. Further, the book in its present form is a coherent work, although it is beginning to strain a bit at the seams (Pound, for example, is now scattered in four chapters, having untidily kept on writing after the appearance of the first edition).

But to parade a work of the 1940s as one of the 1970s shows an extraordinary lack of consideration for the buyer. So *caveat emptor*: before putting down $25, remember that a new literary history of the United States is still to be written, our literary heritage still to be redefined for this generation. (A whole chapter on Robinson, for example, when Dickinson still doesn't have her own—much less Eliot, Pound, Williams or, for that matter, Frost?)

Also, perhaps the next literary history can be less a list of names, works and affiliations, and less a generalized description of historical and literary trends. Too infrequently in the present work do specific passages from poems or works of

Sally Gall has published literary criticism in such journals as Shenandoah. *She is writing a book on the poet Ramon Guthrie.*



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fiction and drama enliven the necessary historical context. How can we truly perceive the continuities and discrepancies between the sensibilities of American men and women of the past and of our own time if our literary forefathers and mothers are so rarely allowed to speak for themselves? □

A Life Well Lived for All That

ALL SAID AND DONE. *By Simone de Beauvoir. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 463 pp. $10.*

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

When she is 75 or 80, will Simone de Beauvoir provide us with still another installment of her life? For those of us who have become addicted to the series, that would not be unwelcome. On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine what more she can really add besides an accumulation of further ventures which do not substantially alter her basic views and values. One does not expect her to renounce her socialism, her humanism, her feminism or her atheism in her remaining years (she is now 67). Her experiences of still another decade may prove of historical interest but—in view of her current volume of memoirs of the past decade—would reveal little more of this rational, self-contained, voluble woman than we already know.

One direction in which she might go is that of more intimate introspection and analysis, like Anaïs Nin: but she deplores Nin's "narcissism," and despite her frankness about herself in so many areas, she has a Puritanical reticence about her personal emotional life, particularly with Sartre, for which in these let-it-all-hang-out times we should be grateful. Another way she might go, in carrying her anti-militarism and her disillusionment with existing Socialist states to a logical conclusion, would be to question the efficacy of military force even in violent revolutions. But that is an unlikely development at this stage of her life. Though she abhors violence personally, she affirms in many ways and at many junctures her belief in the necessity of "counter-violence" by oppressed peoples in response to the violence, overt or latent, of oppressive groups or governments. This struggle is the implicit theme of the present volume's second half, which includes her travels in Japan, the USSR and other East European countries, Egypt and Israel, and her participation in the Russell War Crimes Tribunal, in the 1968 student uprisings in France and finally in the women's movement.

The struggles of the oppressed are partly what this volume of Beauvoir's memoirs are about, but not exclusively. The first half of the book is a more personal reassessment of her life and that of her friends, catching us up on people we met in earlier volumes. It is as if she were responding to an overwhelming correspondence, the way some people duplicate accounts of their yearly family adventures at Christmas and send them to friends with whom they've been out of touch and to whom they don't have time to write. How has she been feeling during this past decade? Well, for one thing, "I have finally and completely lost the childish illusion of standing in the very middle of the world." (With one's consciousness always inside one's own head, this would seem an admirable but almost impossible feat.) How is age affecting her? "For the time being, the passage of the years has come to a halt for me: as I see it, there is not much difference between being sixty-three and fifty-three: whereas when I was fifty-three I felt at a staggering distance from forty-three. . . . In short, I see myself as settled into old age." She writes of how her childish perceptions have changed, her conception of time, her increasing awareness of her finity. The void of death she no longer finds overwhelming—"but still I do not get used to it."

Emerging from these introspections after some 40 pages, Beauvoir becomes her more extroverted self and writes of her long-time friendships, with Sartre,

Ann Davidon is a writer active in peace and liberation groups. She spent six years in France, Sweden, Israel and Denmark, and now lives in Haverford, Pa.

BOY'S WORLD

I
The boy,
Curled under covers but awake,
Waits the old man to build a fire,
The old woman to put on bacon
With a sharp pointed fork,
Smell of coffee and stove smoke,
Crusty coughs, a laugh, not much talk.
Warmth touches the boy's dark cheek,
Gradually fills his small room.
Grandpa sweeps the kitchen—
"Let the Indian boy sleep till six,
He's not used to us yet."

II
When I was young and
Unaware of past and future,
All the stars
In the Louisiana night
Held me in their brightness.
For an instant,
In the distance the eye moves
From sparkling dust to dark,
I grew to be that vastness.

III
Bob-white and mockingbird on a railwood fence.
Waiting under the furthest from the house tree,
Watching the back of the empty mansioned hill
And the main road by the old railroad
For my own dad's car
To come
And take me home
From the barn and the cellar
And the Bird Creek stones.

Duane BigEagle

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Sylvie, her sister—and of others who died in various states of physical or mental decay—with the writer Violette Leduc, the actress Camille, her young friend Lise, Giacometti, Sartre's mother. Beauvoir glosses over no unpleasant details. The story of Camille's disintegration is especially vivid. She ends this first section with a description of her dreams, which she claims to look forward to ("I anticipate my nocturnal adventures with pleasure"); yet most that she describes concern states of anxiety about travel, missing trains, accidents, and of arguments with Sartre (who is usually recalcitrant to her admonitions).

And how about her own writing? It has "remained the great concern of my life," she tells us. In this second chapter she ruminates over her own writing during the 1960s, beginning with the mixed reception given her last volume of memoirs, *Force of Circumstance*, which ended on a note that made readers (including this one) think that she had become hopelessly depressed and discouraged at her own "coming of age." To the extent that she had, she apparently exorcised much of it by launching into her massive study of aging (*The Coming of Age*). She writes now that her aging became apparent to her between 1958 and 1962, when she was "sickened by the crimes that were being committed in the name of France [in Algeria]; I turned nostalgically back to my past, and I realized that there were many planes upon which I had to say goodbye to it forever. If you have really loved life and you love it still, no renunciation is ever a matter of course. I am not sorry for having said so. Where I was mistaken was in the outline of my future: I had projected the accumulated disgust of the recent years into it. It has been far less sombre than I had foreseen." Absorbed at the time by her mother's illness and subsequent death, about which she wrote movingly in *A Very Easy Death*, she then went on to write *The Coming of Age* and several fictional works—*Les Belles Images, The Woman Destroyed*—no less productive in age than in youth.

What books has she been reading? Beauvoir not only tells us why she reads and what kinds of writing she responds to but gives us reviews of most of the books she has read since last heard from. Other than her "particular relationship with the books of Sartre and Violette Leduc" (for whose *La Bâtarde* she wrote the foreword), she tells of her liking for the letters of Freud, George Jackson, Oscar Wilde and George Sand—but not for the *Antimemoirs* of Malraux. While memoirs, letters and diaries "communicate another person's experience" to her, novels do the same: she acquaints us with Powys' *Wolf Solent*, Albert Cohen's *Belle du Seigneur*, Vitia Hessel's *Le Temps des Parents*, among others. She is moved by the works of Solzhenitsyn (later, in the USSR, he declines to see her and Sartre). She also gives us a number of film reviews, but—"I feel words more than I feel pictures. I am more sensitive to words than to images." (These sentences are typical of Beauvoir's constant need not only to assess her experiences but also to restate them in several ways.) The theatre she likes these days less than cinema, but goes on to discuss plays and playwrights at some length (both she and Sartre have written for the stage, and have many friends in the theatre world). Music has always been of great importance to her but she seldom goes now to concerts; paintings too she prefers to enjoy away from the mobs of exhibition openings. Having dwelt at length on all this, she recognizes rather guiltily the contradictions inherent in the bourgeois culture she both enjoys and deplores, realizing that these are pleasures that do not move the masses. She understands the cynicism of the young about the dead weight of inherited culture which burdens and alienates them. "In the present state of affairs," she writes, "I find it perfectly comprehensible that most young people no longer value knowledge at all: yet I am sorry for it."

The final chapter of this volume is taken up with the turmoil of events in France during 1968, and of the support she and Sartre (and their magazine *Les Temps Modernes*) gave to the student radicals, sometimes at the expense of old friendships. They support La Gauche Prolétarienne, defending and distributing its paper, *La Cause du Peuple*, in the face of police harassment, not because they are in full agreement with it but because they strongly believe it has the right to exist. Concerned about the safety conditions of miners and other workers, Beauvoir also becomes more actively engaged in workers struggles than she had been in the past; and last but hardly least, she commits herself to the current feminist movement for which her book *The Second Sex* was in some part responsible. When she wrote it she had believed that "the state of women and society would evolve together," that "we have won the game." Now, however, "when I speak of feminism I mean the fact of struggling for specifically feminine claims at the same time as carrying on the class-war; and I declare myself a feminist. No, we have not won the game. . . . The social revolution will not suffice to solve our problems. These problems affect rather more than half mankind: at present I regard them as essential." In this struggle with which she now aligns herself, however—and one in which she is, as a woman, most personally involved—she does not advocate overthrowing the oppressor by force.

I felt some disappointment in reading this volume of Beauvoir's memoirs. While I did not expect the unity that she herself remarks as distinguishing her first volume, *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, from subsequent ones, I found this one her most disjointed. Many of its eight sections are interesting in themselves, but some of the accounts read like *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter, Part II*, with every lap of her journeys, every historic site described as a schoolmistress might describe it for her pupils. Sometimes she tells the reader too much, and one feels slightly insulted; at other times her references are too cursory or oversimplified. The personalities and issues involved in the Russell Tribunal are examples: when one is personally acquainted with some of the people and

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events she writes about, her descriptions seem inadequate, even misleading. Still, it is impossible not to be enlightened by some aspect of her accounts, whether historical, geographical, political or aesthetic.

The Prime of Life, while less a tale of progress than *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, took Beauvoir from her university days and her meeting with Sartre to the outbreak of World War II. *Force of Circumstance* carried her through the war and the Algerian upheaval. In each of these there is a kind of unity, a development. Is it that her life since the 1950s—her own and the world's—has hit a plateau? "The world has moved on since 1962," she writes in her prologue, "and I have had fresh experiences. But no public or private event has made any fundamental change in my position: I have not altered. . . . I no longer feel that I am moving in the direction of a goal, but only that I am slipping inevitably towards my grave." Having safely put this glum note at the beginning rather than the end, where a similar sentiment in *Force of Circumstance* caused such a stir, she concludes: "This time I shall not write a conclusion to my book. I leave the reader to draw any he may choose." One might well conclude, with Beauvoir, that it has been a life well lived for all its ultimate disappointments: no universal conquest of unhappiness and poverty, no revolution, no end to the class struggle, no triumph of truth. And one might hope still for a better decade, as these three-quarters of a century lapse, in which both the world and Simone de Beauvoir may come to new understandings and fresh revelations. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

A Chorus Line (Public Theatre) is the best musical of the season. Other such entertainments may have more ambitious "books," splashier settings and costumes, melodies more memorable, but nothing has been seen hereabouts for a long time so completely integrated and nothing possessed of such buoyant fun.

A large part of the credit for this is due to Michael Bennett who, in the words of the playbill, "conceived, choreographed and directed it." A central idea informs all elements of the production. It is all of a piece, a whole, a *play*.

Chiefly through song and dance, it dramatizes a group of young people who are being auditioned for the chorus line of a Broadway musical comedy. Each of them is individualized in background and character. Whether they fancy themselves destined to eventual stardom or are simply eager to earn a living at something for which they have a knack and training, they make it clear that, consciously or not, they are fulfilling a natural impulse and need. The moment we meet them at the rise of the curtain—leaping, kicking, twirling about in routine formation (or in some confusion) in response to the dance director's order under artfully designed semi-obscurity—they take on a sort of magical transcendence, a glamour which at the same time is evidence of basic well-being.

Not all the girls are pretty (there are no "show-girl types") and few of the men are handsome, but everyone radiates joy. They are dying for gainful employment and for that, if for no other reason, they dread rejection. They are workers whose tasks are by no means easy or always pleasant. Yet the menial and mundane are superseded for them by an exaltation which they rarely mention as such.

The seamy aspects of their profession are only lightly suggested. The prevailing tone is jovial and warm. To the question the director rather coldly puts to them: "What will you do when you are no longer able to dance?" the answer is a song in which one of the girls goes to the heart of the matter. She rejoices, she says, that she will always remember that her work was *What I Did For Love*. Watching the "line," we are convinced that this is true for all the others.

It is a sentimental piece, at moments even slushy. Still, its sentimentality is not only inoffensive because of its core of truth but gratifying by virtue of the taste and tact with which the material is treated, and, above all, because of the technical finesse at the command of all participants.

A refreshing professional trimness is always evident. The dance numbers do not attempt the "sensational," a terpsichorean knockout. They are swift, bright, graceful and seemingly effortless. Marvin Hamlisch's tunes are musically less remarkable than their orchestration by Bill Byers, Hershy Kay and Jonathan Tunick, but they serve Edward Kleban's lyrics which in turn spring directly from James Kirkwood's and Nicholas Dante's "book."

There is hardly any "story" except for the stories of the young people on the line. (Their average age is less than 25, which induces one of the team who is 30 to refer to herself in tongue-in-cheek mockery as the "adult.") The kids all have different histories—some touching, others comic. The dance director himself has a special relation to one of the more mature applicants to the chorus, which adds a slight dramatic surprise as the evening progresses, but there is little intrusion of the sort of burdensome plot that often mars musical comedy. In *A Chorus Line* everything rides along through bits of dialogue, dance and song in an almost constant happy flow.

Robin Wagner's setting is practically "invisible": there is only a bare stage and variously arranged mirrors to enhance the choreographic effects. The mirrors not only serve to create an enchantment which elaborate musical comedy scenery usually fails to provide but to make the twenty-five bouncing figures on stage look like fifty—a most exhilarating image. Tharon Musser's lighting envelops everything in a glow, so that the people, the place, the action become part of a luminous fabric. Even the curtain calls have been wittily and charmingly treated as dance, with the entire cast in Theoni V. Aldredge's gay costumes prancing across the stage—where for the first time in the evening delightfully simple scenic decoration is introduced, as if the show for which the boys and girls of the chorus line had been preparing were about to begin.

The director of the show-within-the-show tells his people that they are all wonderful and he wishes he could use all of them. Similarly, I would like to name everyone of the admirable company Michael Bennett has chosen but it would be meaningless to do so. Future spectators—of which there will be very many—will select their own favorites, and in every case their judgments will be correct. Still, I will mention two of my preferences: Carole Bishop, who plays the "adult" among the babes, and Pamela Blair, who in song divulges her struggles to overcome her previous physical shortcomings—fore and aft. But one certainly ought not to neglect a tribute to Robert LuPone who, in the role of the director, dances with exemplary neatness and acts with intelligent forthrightness.

A Chorus Line is a celebration of youth and the theatre in its simplest form. At one moment a girl cries out in consternation, "Don't tell me Broadway is dying, when I just got here." Extended a bit, it is a good general motto for our day. □

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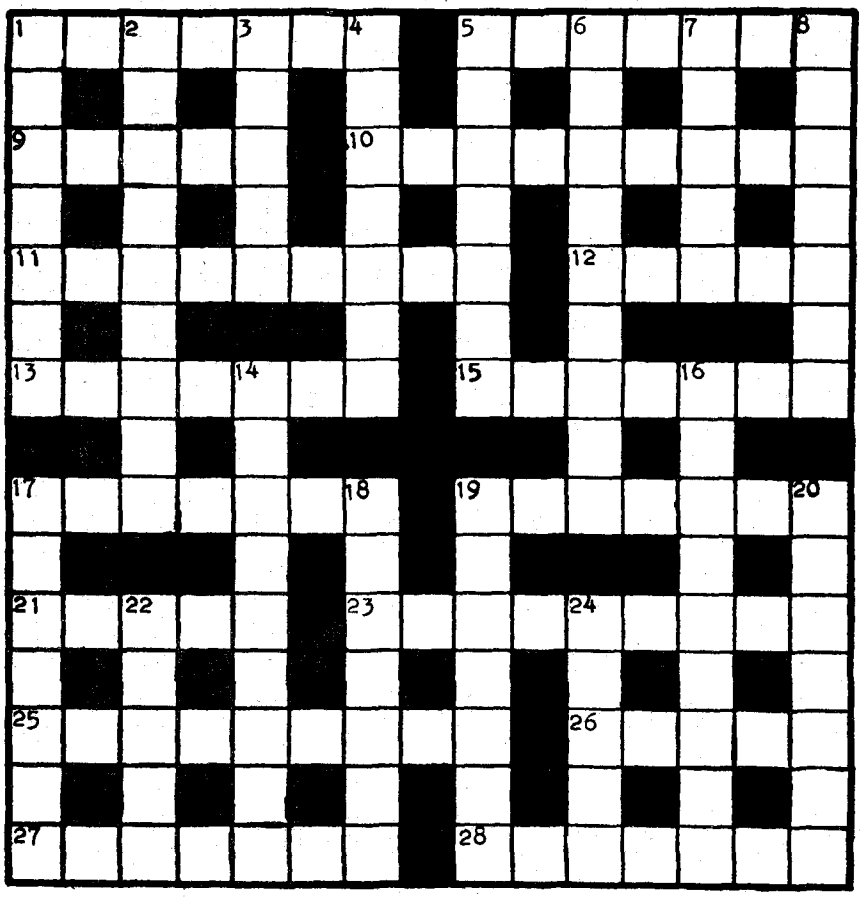

ACROSS

1 and 5 In Tel Aviv, I'll need an excuse for coexistence. (4,3,3,4)
9 Packaged candy, perhaps, in Denver and San Francisco? (5)
10 Cuts the shoestring cost? (9)
11 Date stubs that no gourmet should be without. (5,4)
12 On board, working with nails. (5)
13 It might indicate sloppiness, unless the basket is picked up after it. (7)
15 Scored, perhaps, after a fault. (7)
17 Eat too much of ginseng or gelatin. (7)
19 Tires, or just the spokes. (7)
21 The Hugh who started Cape Town? (5)
23 Fruit? A dime change is about enough to get it, or it could be charged. . . . .(9)
25 . . . . . .but it is cents that makes up the proper change for such a knowledgeable type. (9)
26 See 14 down
27 Two ways of explaining a bridge defeat in place. (3,4)
28 Folds one's tents, obviously. (7)

DOWN

and 18 down Does it imply control of the press? (One might hope for it to be rare.) (7,7)
and 22 Not a going-away period—though it might help put things in proper perspective. (9,5)
Is, with drink around, responsible for a division in the house of worship. (5)
4 What they sometimes have to do to the buggy. (7)
5 Liberty-head, with a troop of scouts—reputedly causing some trouble to the Egyptians once. (7)
6 It could be sunk deep-rooted, in a way, if there's no easy beginning. (9)
7 Fiber tiles might be made from it. (5)
8 Made a tentative effort. (7)
14 and 26 across Ripped to pieces in the explosion? (You might, if things are!) (5,4,5)
16 You might find it at the bottom of the chest. (9)
17 Puts things into type size, upper or lower, for example. (7)
18 See 1 down
19 Reckoned to be put in the tall grass. (7)
20 They sometimes give people a pain. (7)
22 See 2 down
24 First and last letters, etc., could make one conquered some centuries ago. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1588

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Without warning; 9 Lunette; 10 Spooner; 11 Ixion; 12, 15 and 27 down Out for blood; 13 Thong; 14 Mindful; 16 Blouses; 18 Decorum; 21 Off-hand; 24 Exact; 27 Bacon; 28 English; 29 Spondee; 30 Designs. DOWN: 1 and 31 William and Mary; 2 Tension; 3 Often; 4 Trefoil; 5 Washtub; 6 Roost; 7 Igneous; 8 Garages; 17, 26 and 18 down Off the deep end; 19 Changes; 20 Matches; 21 Open sea; 22 Arcadia; 23 Densely; 25 Thing.

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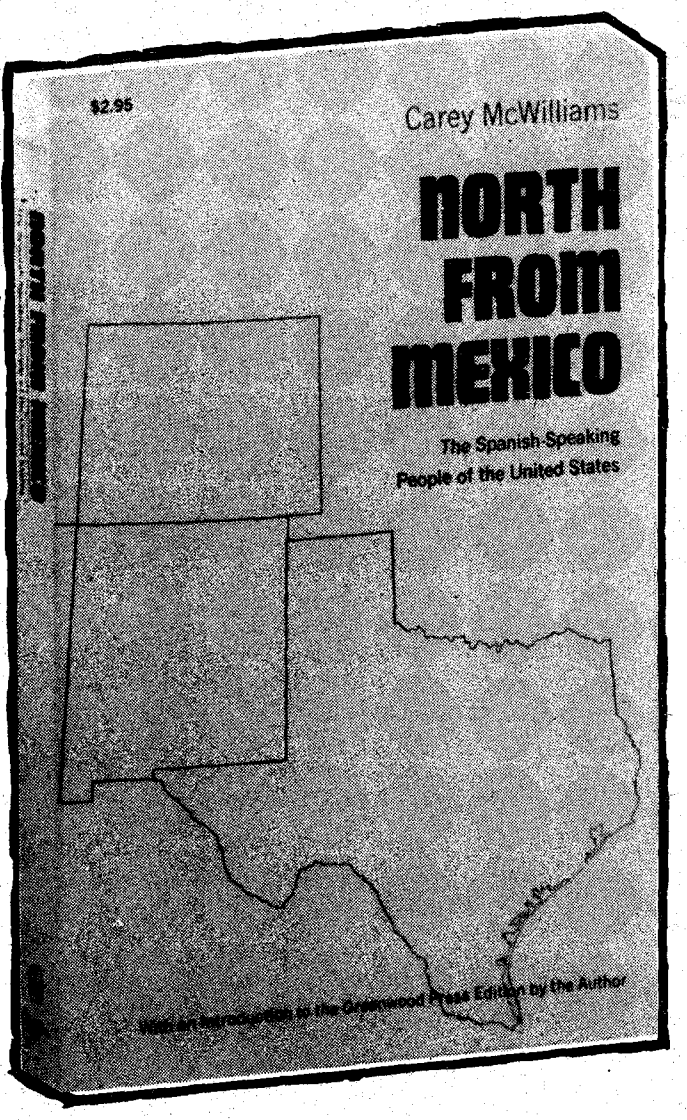
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